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NEW LOOK IN GERMANY

Films and Filming

FEBRUARY 1960

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ELEANOR PARKER and GEORGE HAMILTON in *HOME FROM THE HILL*

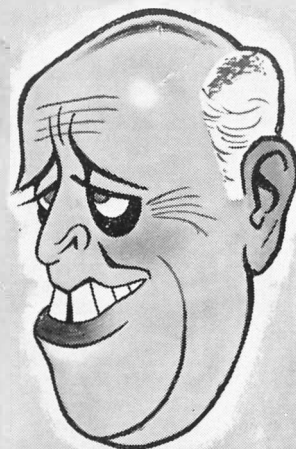
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What YOU Think

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21 Lower Belgrave St.
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ROGER MANVELL'S attitude to *Les Cousins*, and *Nouvelle Vague*, is quite clear (November) and, I think, can be neatly summed up by one of his own sentences—"The conventions of the older kind of film-making are put aside for newer ones which are not as new as all that."

Mr. Manvell goes on to describe some of the technique of Claude Chabrol, ending with the comment—"But all these things, have, or course, been done before." That may well be true, but its hardly a criticism of the leader of the current movement in France, a movement that hopes to establish a new approach to film-making and not produce a series of fresh technical achievements.

Too many of our critics have been deafened by the sound of "new waves" and seem unable to see the films clearly. Claude Chabrol has written—"There is no 'new wave'; there is only the ocean." I hope that none of us, film-maker, critic or public, get out of our depth.

Brian Rendell

19 Stuart Avenue,
Hayes, Bromley,
Kent.

FACTS WRONG

MATTHEW NORGATE'S article on the Cork Film Festival (December) was most interesting and his criticisms well-directed. What a pity he gets some of his facts about the films wrong, because many readers may not feel able to support his criticisms when they find him unreliable in other matters. May I venture to correct some of his errors.

(i) "One from Denmark *Dollars from the Sky* which nobody saw, because it arrived belatedly and was even more belatedly banned". The Danish film which was banned was *A Stranger Knocks*. *Dollars from the Sky* a small-budget Ealing style comedy, provided quite a pleasant afternoon's entertainment.

(ii) "The Irish Catholic Film Society weighed in with an award of their own for *Glass*." There is no such organisation. The Irish Film Society became the first Film Society to give an award at a Festival "for the film most likely to appeal to a Film Society audience" at Cork in 1958 and made another award this year.

(iii) "*Mise Eire* . . . is an Official film" Would that our government were so enlightened! *Mise Eire* is the work of a large dramatic organisation, known as Gael-linn, whose aims include the restoration of the Irish language, the revival of Irish native music and other arts. Subsidised by football pools, the organisers have been making short interest films, and news-reels for some time. It would have been curious for them to make a film, for showing in Ireland anyway in any other language than Irish. And another small point *Mise Eire* does not mean My Ireland; it means "I, Ireland".

John F. Buckley

25 Maxwell road,
Rathgar, Dublin.

OMITTED GRADUATES

MANY graduates of Soviet Institute of Cinematography were mostly pleased reading A. Medvedev's article "Birth of a Film Maker" (January 1959).

Unfortunately in his article Mr. Medvedev omits a number of graduates of the Institute successfully working in Georgian cinematography and, among

them, such names as T. Abuladze and R. Chkeidze, who made *Magdana's Donkey*, *Our Yard* and *The Children of Others*.

George Gigolashvili

Tbilisi, Georgia,
U.S.S.R.

WELCOME RETURN

IT is without qualification that most students of the cinema will welcome back to the screen such a fine director as Frank Capra. His productions, though rather marred by a surfeit of sentimentality, have provided escapist entertainment of the highest standard, and this was especially needed during the aftermath of the depression when his themes endeavoured to show that money and ancillary materialistic aims were inconsequential in man's search for lasting happiness.

However, I cannot help wondering if at sixty-two Capra's creative powers are diminishing. Not wishing to detract from the very entertaining *A Hole in the Head*, I did notice, nevertheless, that he used exactly the same comic situation as he did in the twenty-year-old *You Can't Take it With You*—the discomfiture of a rather bulky man trying to sit in a belligerent rocking-chair, which is intent on delivering him a resounding blow every time he does so.

Both very fine actors, Edward Arnold and Edward G. Robinson registered suppressed rage excellently, though I think the latter had the advantages of improved cinema technique and of a very good laugh retested and re-"cap"-tured!

Roy D. Pridgeon

105 Chase Way,
Southgate,
London, W.14.

MATERIAL WANTED

I AM collecting material for a book on the history of the cinema in South Africa.

If any of your readers have relevant material such as letters, posters, handbills, MSS, photographs, reviews, press cuttings or personal recollections—especially on newsreels and "faked" films during the South African War (1899-1902)—I shall be very grateful to receive them.

All original documents will be carefully kept, copied and returned.

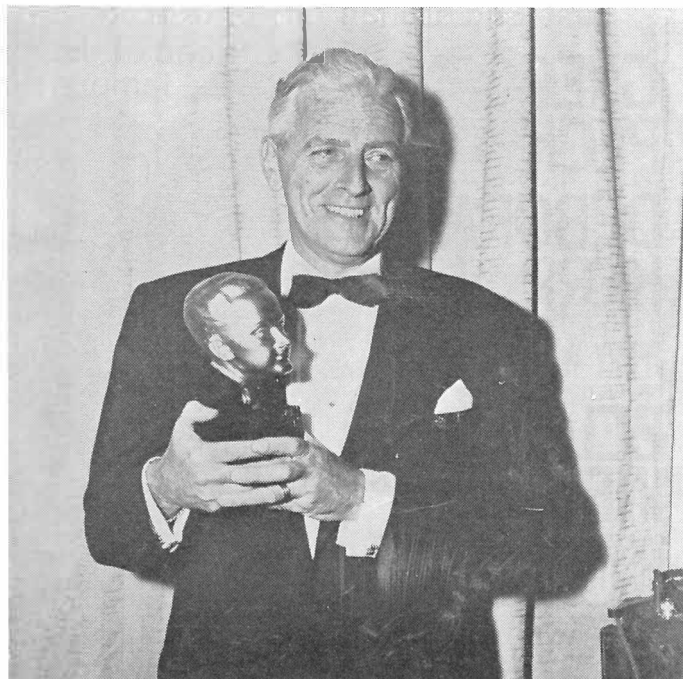
Pieter Germishuys

c/o English-Speaking Union,
Dartmouth House,
37 Charles Street, W.1.

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Personality of the Month



Buddy Adler : Man in the Money

BY the end of this year Buddy Adler, as Executive Head of Production at Twentieth Century-Fox, will have spent 190,000,000 dollars in three years on major productions. At 50 years-old Adler is one of the youngest and most powerful studio executive in the film world, the financial and artistic responsibilities for 20th-Fox's activities rest on him. When he succeeded Darryl F. Zanuck in the post in 1956 Adler devoted his entire energy to the task of improving the studio's output. The motion picture industry was greatly impressed by his first year record as production head, and he was awarded the Irving Thalberg Award in 1957.

Adler is very enthusiastic about the development of new talent. In 1957 he invested a million dollars in instituting the 20th-Fox Talent School, which has proved a considerable success. Its graduates have included Joanne Woodward (who won the Academy Award for her performance in *The Three Faces of Eve*), Don Murray, Diane Varsi, Hope Lange, Bradford Dillman, Stuart Whitman, Lee Remick and many others. He is also the man responsible for the film debuts of teenage singing idols Elvis Presley, Tommy Sands, Pat Boone and Fabian. His programme for developing new talent has been more successful than that of any other studio, for many of the films now produced by 20th-Fox rely entirely upon these young players.

Buddy Adler's career started when, after graduating from college, he decided that he would rather be a writer than devote himself to a career in his family's department stores. He worked on short stories in his spare time, earning his living by writing advertisement copy for the stores. During 1934 he gave up writing advertisements when he found that he could make enough money as a writer. He worked full time on short stories until 1936 when he went to California to write short subjects for M.G.M.; in 1940 one of these won an Academy Award.

As a side-line he became interested in the operation of cinemas and opened the first newsreel theatre in California, followed later by the first cinema to specialise in first-run Westerns. During the war he was appointed Chief of the Motion Picture Division of the Army Pictorial Service. He returned to M.G.M. after the war as a producer, but after a year he transferred to Columbia where for seven years he produced a number of films including *Woman of Distinction*, *Saturday's Hero*, *Salome* and finally *From Here to Eternity*, the latter won eight Academy Awards, including one for Adler as producer of the best film for 1953.

In 1954 he went to 20th-Fox to join Darryl F. Zanuck's producing staff, where he produced twelve films in his first two years, including *Love is a Many Splendoured Thing*, *Soldier of Fortune*, *Anastasia*, *Bus Stop* and *A Hatful of Rain*.

Since his appointment as Head of Production, Adler has also personally supervised some of the productions such as *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, and will shortly personally produce *John Brown's Body*.

Fifteen of the sixty million dollars allocated to him for the current year's production will be spent on three productions *The Story of Ruth* (which stars an unknown actress, Elena Eden, in the title role), *The King Must Die* and *Cleopatra*. One million dollars of his budget will be invested in the services of Elizabeth Taylor for the latter film.

Photo: 20th Century-Fox

FEBRUARY, 1960 Sixth Year of Publication Vol. 6 No. 5

Films and Filming

Editor : PETER G. BAKER

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**DEBORAH
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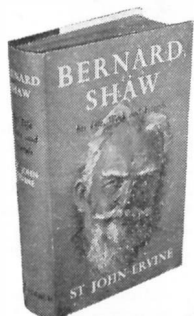
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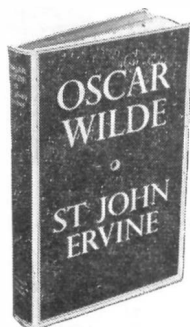
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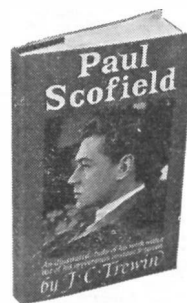
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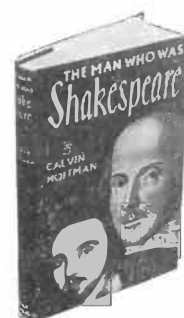
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GREAT ARTISTS OF THE PAST

CHARLES CHAPLIN

during a location break for
THE GOLD RUSH

February, 1960

Chaplin—perhaps the greatest of screen comedians—made 35 films during his first year in Hollywood. This little-known picture was taken in 1925. References: FILMS AND FILMING, August 1957 and September 1958.

five

FILMGUIDE

Correct at time of going to press, but subject to alteration

West End Premieres

Burmese Harp: Everyman Hampstead, Feb. 8.
Conspiracy of Hearts: Leicester Square Theatre Feb. 19.
Operation Petticoat: Leicester Square Theatre Jan. 28.
Never So Few: Odeon, Marble Arch Feb. 4.
Samson and Delilah (re-issue): Plaza Jan. 24.
The Savage Innocents: Leicester Square Theatre March 9 or 10.
Sink The Bismarck: Odeon Leicester Square Feb. 11.
A Touch of Larceny: Plaza Feb. 4.

General Releases

Jan. 11
A.B.C. Expresso Bongo
RANK *The Horse Soldiers*
INDEPENDENT *Babette Goes to War*
 Jan. 18
A.B.C. Strangers of Bombay/Kill Her Gently
RANK *Libel/Mission of Danger*
INDEPENDENT *The Best of Everything*
 Jan. 25
A.B.C. Please Turn Over
RANK *Beloved Infidel*
INDEPENDENT *Desert Mice*
 Feb. 1
A.B.C. A Summer Place
RANK *Career*
INDEPENDENT *The Shakedown*
 Feb. 8
RANK *Anatomy of a Murder*
INDEPENDENT *Pillow Talk*
 Feb. 15
RANK *On The Beach*
 Feb. 22
RANK *Operation Petticoat*
INDEPENDENT *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*
 Feb. 29
INDEPENDENT *The Jayhawkers*
 March 7
RANK *A Touch of Larceny*
INDEPENDENT *The Story on Page One*
 March 14
RANK *Happy Anniversary*
INDEPENDENT *Too Young To Love!*
Assault in Broad Daylight
 March 21
RANK *Our Man in Havana*
 April 4
RANK *Sink the Bismarck*

Repertory

Films of all nationalities, selected by FILMS AND FILMING as being of special interest to film enthusiasts, which are showing in the British Isles from Jan. 15 to Feb. 29. Figures in brackets indicate number of days showing.

London Area

ADULTRESS (THE) Croydon Classic Jan. 25 (6)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS Wembley Odeon Jan. 17 (21) Peckham Gaumont Jan. 17 (21) East Ham Gaumont Jan. 17 (21) Kingston Odeon Jan. 17 (21)
ASHES AND DIAMONDS Chelsea Classic Feb. 14 (4)
AWAY ALL BOATS Tooting Vogue Jan. 14 (3)
BANK DETECTIVE (THE) Baker Street Classic Feb. 25 (3)
BAS FONDS (LES) Croydon Classic Jan. 17 (7)
BATTLE HYMN Tooting Vogue Jan. 28 (3)
BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH (THE) Stockwell Classic Jan. 17 (4)
BLACK TENT (THE) Tooting Vogue Jan. 24 (4)
BOLD AND THE BRAVE (THE) Tooting Vogue Jan. 31 (4)
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA Baker Street Classic Feb. 18 (3)

CABIRIA Tooting Classic Feb. 4 (3)
CARD (THE) Notting Hill Gate Classic Jan. 28 (3)
CONQUEROR (THE) Stockwell Classic Jan. 31 (4)
COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (THE) Tooting Classic Jan. 17 (4)
DEVIL'S GENERAL (THE) Dalston Classic Jan. 17 (7) Croydon Classic Jan. 10 (7) Kilburn Classic Feb. 11 (3) Tooting Classic Feb. 7 (7)
DON GIOVANNI Chelsea Classic Jan. 14 (3)
FACE (THE) Putney Globe Jan. 10 (7)
FANNY BY GASLIGHT Kilburn Classic Jan. 21 (3) Chelsea Classic Feb. 18 (3)
FORCE OF DESTINY (THE) Chelsea Classic Jan. 21 (3)
GREAT EXPECTATIONS Stockwell Classic Jan. 28 (3) Notting Hill Gate Classic Feb. 11 (3)
GUN FOR A COWARD Tooting Vogue Jan. 17 (4)
HEROES ARE TIRED (THE) Dalston Classic Feb. 28 (7)
HOUSE OF LOVERS (THE) Dalston Classic Feb. 28 (7)
HOUSE OF SECRETS Stockwell Classic Jan. 14 (3)
INNOCENTS IN PARIS Croydon Classic Jan. 17 (7)
IT HAPPENED IN ADEN Croydon Classic Jan. 25 (6)
JOURNEY INTO AUTUMN Croydon Classic Feb. 21 (7)
KANAL Baker Street Classic Jan. 31 (4)
KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS Notting Hill Gate Classic Jan. 24 (4)
KILBURN Classic Feb. 18 (3)
LADYKILLERS (THE) Notting Hill Gate Classic Jan. 17 (4) Kilburn Classic Feb. 14 (4)
LAST HOLIDAY Kilburn Classic Feb. 25 (3)
LAUGHTER IN PARADISE Tooting Classic Jan. 31 (4)
LAVENDER HILL MOB (THE) Stockwell Classic Jan. 14 (3)
LAW OF THE STREETS Dalston Classic Jan. 10 (7)
LEASE OF LIFE Tooting Classic Jan. 21 (3)
LESSON IN LOVE Dalston Classic Jan. 10 (7)
LIFE TOGETHER Tooting Classic Jan. 24 (7)
LIVING HAMPSTEAD Everyman Feb. 1 (7)
RICKSHAW MAN (THE) Hampstead Everyman Jan. 25 (7)
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION Baker Street Classic Feb. 4 (3)
MAN IN GREY (THE) Baker Street Classic Feb. 14 (4)
MAN IN THE RAINCOAT Croydon Classic Jan. 31 (7)
MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH (A) Baker Street Classic Feb. 7 (4)
MOMENT OF TRUTH Tooting Classic Feb. 18 (3)
MY MAN GODFREY Baker Street Classic Feb. 11 (3)
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY Notting Hill Gate Classic Feb. 14 (4)
NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (A) Notting Hill Gate Classic Feb. 21 (4)
NIGHT OF THE STORM Tooting Classic Feb. 4 (3)
NO TIME FOR TEARS Kilburn Classic Feb. 7 (4) Notting Hill Gate Classic Feb. 28 (4)
OH! ROSALINDA Baker Street Classic Jan. 24 (4)
OLIVER TWIST Stockwell Classic Jan. 24 (4) Notting Hill Gate Classic Feb. 7 (4)
OREGON PASSAGE Stockwell Classic Jan. 17 (4)
PAGLIACCI Chelsea Classic Jan. 17 (4)
PARIS LA NUIT Dalston Classic Jan. 31 (7)
PASSPORT TO PIMLICO Chelsea Classic Jan. 31 (4) Croydon Classic Feb. 7 (7)
PICKWICK PAPERS Notting Hill Gate Classic Feb. 18 (3)
POWER AMONG MEN Chelsea Classic Jan. 31 (7)
QUARTET Kilburn Classic Jan. 31 (4) Chelsea Classic Jan. 28 (3)
RAKE'S PROGRESS (THE) Notting Hill Gate Classic Feb. 4 (3) Chelsea Classic Feb. 25 (3)
RED INN (THE) Dalston Classic Jan. 10 (7)
RED SHOES (THE) Baker Street Classic Jan. 28 (3) Croydon Classic Feb. 28 (7)
RICKSHAW MAN (THE) Hampstead Everyman Jan. 25 (7)
RIFIPI Dalston Classic Jan. 24 (7) Stockwell Classic Jan. 21 (3)
ROMEO AND JULIET (BOLSHOI BALLET) Notting Hill Gate Jan. 31 (4)
SECRET GAME (THE) Dalston Classic Jan. 24 (7) Kilburn Classic Jan. 14 (3)
SEVENTH SEAL (THE) Tooting Classic Feb. 7 (4)
SIMON AND LAURA Kilburn Classic Jan. 24 (4)

STAGE STRUCK Baker Street Classic Jan. 17 (4) Kilburn Classic Feb. 28 (4)
STREET OF SHAME Dalston Classic Feb. 7 (7)
SUMMER WITH MONIKA Notting Hill Gate Classic Jan. 14 (3) Baker Street Classic Feb. 28 (4) Kilburn Classic Feb. 4 (3) Chelsea Classic Feb. 11 (3)
TAXI Hornchurch Odeon Jan. 10 (7) Ilford Odeon Jan. 10 (7) Sidcup Odeon Jan. 17 (7) Staines Maj. Jan. 17 (7)
TEN COMMANDMENTS (THE) Ealing Odeon Jan. 24 (4 weeks) Islington Angel Jan. 24 (4 weeks) Wood Green Gaumont Jan. 24 (4 weeks) Elephant and Castle Troc. Jan. 24 (4 weeks)
THESE DANGEROUS YEARS Kilburn Classic Jan. 17 (4)
THIS HAPPY FEELING Tooting Classic Jan. 31 (4)
THUNDER BAY Tooting Vogue Jan. 21 (3)
TO PARIS WITH LOVE Notting Hill Gate Classic Jan. 21 (3) Kilburn Classic Feb. 21 (4)
TUNNEL SIX Chelsea Classic Jan. 24 (4)
VIVE M. BLAIREAU Dalston Classic Feb. 14 (7)
WE REQUIRE A MURDERER Stockwell Classic Jan. 21 (3)
WHITE NIGHTS (THE) Croydon Classic Jan. 31 (7) Chelsea Classic Feb. 21 (4)
WILD STRAWBERRIES Dalston Classic Feb. 14 (7)
WITCHES OF SALEM (THE) Dalston Classic Jan. 31 (7) Baker Street Classic Jan. 21 (3)
WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN Kilburn Classic Jan. 28 (3) Chelsea Classic Feb. 28 (4)
YIELD TO THE NIGHT Baker Street Classic Jan. 14 (3)
YOUNG HAVE NO TIME (THE) Dalston Classic Jan. 10 (7)

Provinces (including Scotland Wales and N. Ireland).

AIDA Eastbourne Classic Jan. 18 (3)
AMICI PER LA PELLE Dundee Tivoli Feb. 22 (6)
ASHES AND DIAMONDS Manchester Cinephone Jan. 10 (7) Edinburgh Cameo Jan. 25 (14) Harpenden State Jan. 17 (7) Dundee Tivoli Feb. 22 (6) Portsmouth Essoldo Jan. 17 (7-14)
BAS FONDS (LE) Southampton Classic Feb. 7 (7)
BEAT GENERATION (THE) Chester Classic Feb. 15 (6)
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA Eastbourne New Central Jan. 20 (2)
CASE OF DR. LAURENT (THE) Dewsbury Playhouse Feb. 15 (6) Lincoln Regal Feb. 22 (3) Newbury Regal Jan. 25 (3) Bexhill Ritz Jan. 24 (4)
DADDY LONGLEGS Margate Classic Jan. 14 (3)
DANGEROUS AGE (A) Swindon Classic Jan. 17 (4)
DEMETRIUS Kings Heath Tudor Feb. 18 (3) Haymills Adelphi Feb. 18 (3) Nottingham New Empress Feb. 29 (3) Springburn Princes Feb. 15 (3)
DEVIL'S GENERAL (THE) Southampton Classic Jan. 24 (7)
DON GIOVANNI Eastbourne Classic Jan. 21 (3)
EVE WANTS TO SLEEP Derby Ritz Jan. 24 (7) Harpenden State Jan. 17 (4)
FACE (THE) Derby Ritz Jan. 24 (7) Bristol Tatler Jan. 17 (7) Cambridge Arts Feb. 22 (6) Oxford Scala Feb. 22 (6) Bradford Civic Feb. 1 (6) Dundee Tivoli Feb. 15 (3)
FACE OF THE CAT (THE) Southampton Classic Feb. 14 (7)
FORCE OF DESTINY Eastbourne Classic Jan. 17 (4)
FRENZY Coventry Paris Jan. 25 (7) Hull Curzon Feb. 1 (6) Manchester Cinephone Feb. 21 (7)
FROM BLOSSOM TIME TILL AUTUMN Frost Berkhamsted Court Jan. 25 (3)
GOHA Manchester Cinephone Feb. 21 (7) Oxford Scala Feb. 8 (6)
GRASSHOPPER Southend State Jan. 17 (7)
GREAT EXPECTATIONS Stalham Broadland Feb. 6 (1) Swindon Classic Jan. 21 (3)
GREEN MANSIONS Chester Classic Jan. 31 (7)
HAMLET Cambridge Arts Jan. 11 (6) Stalham Broadland Feb. 3 (1) Saffron Walden Plaza Feb. 8 (2) Staines Empire Feb. 15 (2)
HANSEL AND GRETEL Bishop Auckland Eden Feb. 22 (3) Shildon Essoldo Feb. 22 (3) Benwell Savoy Feb. 22 (3) Chorlton Essoldo Feb. 25 (3) Bolton Carlton Feb. 29 (3) Keighley Essoldo Feb. 25 (3)

HARRY BLACK Chester Classic Feb. 25 (3)
HENRY V Stalham Broadland Feb. 1 (1) Saffron Walden Plaza Feb. 12 (2)
HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (Emergo) Waltham Hill Regal Jan. 18 (6) Uxbridge Savoy Jan. 25 (6) Windsor Playhouse Feb. 7 (7) Balham Ritz Jan. 17 (7)
HUMAN TORPEDOES Swindon Classic Jan. 24 (4)
ISLAND IN THE SUN Margate Classic Jan. 31 (4)
JOLSON STORY Gloucester Ritz Jan. 14 (3)
KANAL Dundee Tivoli Feb. 22 (6) Hull Curzon Feb. 1 (7)
LADYKILLERS (THE) Cranbrook Regal Jan. 18 (3)
LIFE TOGETHER Southampton Classic Jan. 17 (7)
LONG KNIFE (THE) Chester Classic Jan. 10 (7)
LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDOURED THING Margate Classic Feb. 4 (3)
MAIGRET SETS A TRAP Brighton Paris Feb. 18 (7)
MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT Oxford Scala Jan. 25 (6)
MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH (A) Eastbourne Classic Jan. 28 (3)
MIRROR HAS TWO FACES (THE) Chester Classic Feb. 15 (6)
MON ONCLE Haywards Heath P.mnt Jan. 28 (3) Wokingham Ritz Jan. 21 (3) Felixstowe Ritz Jan. 21 (3) Lichfield Regal Feb. 18 (3) Cambridge Central Jan. 25 (6)
NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (A) Chelsea Classic Feb. 28 (4)
OLIVER TWIST Swindon Classic Jan. 17 (4)
PATHER PANCHALI Brighton Paris Feb. 11 (4)
PEYTON PLACE Margate Classic Jan. 28 (3)
PLAINSMAN (THE) Luton Ritz Jan. 11 (6) Dovecot Granada Jan. 21 (3) Liverpool Commodore Feb. 4 (3) Bootle Gainsborough Jan. 28 (3) Litherland Regal Jan. 28 (3) Blackpool A.B.C. (North Shore) Jan. 17 (4) Cambusland Ritz Feb. 4 (3) Burnside Rhul Feb. 4 (3)
POSSESSED (THE) Southampton Classic Jan. 10 (7)
QUARTET Eastbourne Classic Jan. 14 (3)
QUIET MAN (THE) Springburn Princes Feb. 25 (3) Hillhead Grosvenor Jan. 18 (3) Cambusland Ritz Jan. 21 (3) Burnside Rhul Jan. 18 (3) Clydebank Jan. 25 (3) Arbroath Palace Feb. 8 (3)
RAKES PROGRESS (THE) Eastbourne Classic Feb. 14 (4)
ROMEO AND JULIET Eastbourne Classic Jan. 28 (3)
SAVAGE EYE (THE) Portsmouth Essoldo Jan. 17 (7-14) Liverpool Essoldo Jan. 14 (7-14) Edinburgh Cameo Feb. 8 (12)
SAVAGE MOUNTAIN (THE) Swindon Classic Jan. 21 (3) Eastbourne Classic Jan. 21 (3)
SEVENTH SEAL (THE) Brighton Paris Jan. 21 (7) Cambridge Arts Jan. 25 (7) Dundee Tivoli Feb. 1 (6)
SEVEN YEAR ITCH (THE) Margate Classic Jan. 24 (4)
SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW (THE) Chester Classic Feb. 21 (4)
SOME LIKE IT HOT Chester Classic Jan. 28 (3)
SOUND OF FURY Openshaw New Royal Jan. 25 (3) Aberdeen City Feb. 15 (3)
SUMMER INTERLUDE Brighton Paris Feb. 25 (7)
THEIRS IS THE GLORY Swindon Classic Jan. 14 (3)
THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED Swindon Classic Jan. 14 (3)
TORERO Preston Palladium Jan. 24 (7) Kemp Town Continental Feb. 7 (7) Hayling Isle Regal Feb. 8 (2) Ilkeston Scala Feb. 8 (3) West Bromwich Queens Feb. 8 (3)
TOSCA Eastbourne Classic Jan. 25 (3)
UNVANQUISHED Brighton Paris Feb. 15 (3)
VICTORY AT SEA Swindon Classic Jan. 24 (4)
WAITING WOMEN Brighton Paris Jan. 28 (7)
WAY TO THE STARS Chester Classic Jan. 21 (3)
WE ARE THE LAMBETH BOYS Brighton Paris Feb. 18 (7)
WE REQUIRE A MURDERER Southampton Classic Jan. 10 (7)
WILD STRAWBERRIES Berkhamsted Court Jan. 25 (3) Sketty Odeon Jan. 18 (3)
WITCHES OF SALEM (THE) Swindon Classic Feb. 4 (3)
WOLF TRAP Bristol Tatler Jan. 17 (7)
YOUNG LIONS (THE) Margate Classic Jan. 21 (3)

FOR more years than I care to remember, I have been hearing that foreign language films are "more mature," "more honest" "more artistic" than our Pacific-grown product. This assumption, particularly prevalent among those who rarely attend American pictures, is primarily due to the care and competence with which, until only recently, a limited number of European motion pictures were selected for showing on our theatre screens. On the rare occasions when they scored a commercial success—*Passion*, *Potemkin*, *Open City*—the critics of Hollywood rushed into print to announce that movies had "come of age" and that if the American industry did not keep its ear to the ground it would surely soon fall on its face.

And now at last it might appear to a casual observer that these predictions are coming true. Attendance at American motion picture theatres has fallen from approximately 80,000,000 weekly ten years ago to 42,000,000;

A generation of international 'art' films, surveyed by **ARTHUR MAYER**

net profits of the producing companies owning studios have plummeted 75 per cent and the number of pictures released annually by them has sunk from 379 to 238. Meanwhile, the number of foreign language films imported rose from ninety-three in 1948 to 585 in 1958. In 1958, according to *Variety*, foreign pictures grossed (and by "gross" we mean in movie parlance not what exhibitors take in at the box-office, but what they pay to distributors) 14,824,975 dollars. The number of so-called "art houses" has soared from 100 to approximately 500, not to mention three to four-thousand commercial theatres prepared occasionally to book foreign movies, particularly if they are short on art and long on sex or sadism.

Although the percentage of the total market tapped to date by the foreign cinema is still negligible—probably less than 5 per cent—many of my friends blithely assume that the increased demand is indisputable evidence that the revolt against Hollywood is in full swing. It is undoubtedly true that studio mass production techniques are being largely replaced by independent production, but this does not necessarily imply the end of an era when opulence was of more consequence than imagination, and size a greater asset than sincerity.

Deterioration in Standards

Actually, there are portents pointing in almost the opposite direction. The growing popularity of foreign films may well be due to a deterioration in the standards by which they are selected for the American market rather than an improvement in public taste. Just as more and more American picture producers are relying for box-office appeal on the size of their "block-busters," foreign film-makers seem to be putting their faith on the size of the busts of their leading ladies. The two most eminently successful pictures in the United States in the past two years were the incredibly costly *The Ten Commandments* and *Around the World in 80 Days*. The French sensation, which cleaned up in America in 1958—though "cleaned up" may be a singularly inappropriate characterization—is *And God Created Woman*, of which one assiduous patron said: "Even the fourth time I saw it I didn't like it." And a plague of new and old Bardot films has ridden to success on Bardot's coattails, or rather, her bath towels. Meanwhile, the outlook for more home-made *Marty's* and *Twelve Angry Men* is almost as unpropitious as that for new

FROM BERNHARDT TO BARDOT



English *Brief Encounters*, Italian *Bicycle Thieves* or French *Sous Les Toits de Paris*.

A large measure of the growing patronage of foreign films can be attributed not to any marked progress in audience standards, but to the reduction in Hollywood production, which is forcing many theatres to reluctantly abandon double features, hold pictures for longer engagements or to look elsewhere for films. It is also partially due to the increased acceptance of "dubbing", by which English words can be made to coincide more or less clumsily with the lip movements of actors speaking in a foreign tongue, a process that the less "mature" audiences of yesterday used to reject with raucous laughter. Lastly, there has been a growing appreciation of backgrounds of old civilizations with new faces in the foregrounds, "new faces" being a generic trade term to describe the bodily charms of such ladies as Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida.

Historically speaking, there is nothing new in this American interest in foreign films and foreign personalities. Around the turn of the century a French magician, George Méliès, became captivated by the possibilities inherent in the motion picture camera. One day he was filming a truck coming down the street. His primitive camera jammed and by the time it

About the Writer . . . Arthur

Mayer, born Demopolis, Ala., 1888, was educated at Harvard, and entered films in 1919. He became manager of New York's Rialto theatre in 1933 and by 1937 was operating his own distribution organisation for foreign films. He operates several American "art" houses. He was awarded Medal of Merit in 1947 for wartime film services to the armed forces. Is a former vice-president of the Council of Motion Picture Organisations. Author of *Merely Colossal* and (with Richard Griffith) *The Movies*. Is currently writing (with Arthur Knight) a history of United Artists.



1912—Sarah Bernhardt (above) as she appeared in *Queen Elizabeth*. Photo: National Film Archive
1956—Brigitte Bardot (with Jean-Louis Trintignant) in *Et Dieu . . . crea la femme* (left). Photo: Miracle Films

was again rolling, the scene had changed. When the picture was projected on a screen, the truck was instantaneously transformed into a hearse. Movie magic had been born! Méliès proceeded to experiment with double exposures, fades and super-impositions. To the public's delighted amazement, he showed people flying through the air or transformed before their eyes into beasts. What is even more important, however, in many of his early pictures such as *A Trip to the Moon*, he demonstrated for the first time the unparalleled story telling powers inherent in the new medium.

Méliès's films were imported into the United States where their ingenuity and wit immediately made them well liked. What they failed to do, however, was to make Mr. Méliès well-to-do. His negatives were promptly "duped" by unscrupulous American distributors so that he had no share in their profits and he himself eventually died in a home for indigent old actors.

Minor Eccentricity

Europe progressed and matured cinematically much more rapidly than America, largely because Thomas Edison, our revered inventive genius, had one minor eccentricity. In the slang of his day, he squeezed the eagle on a silver dollar so hard that it hollered. Moreover, he regarded his moving pictures as an amusing minor gadget which, unless harnessed to his phonograph, would have little lasting popularity. When he was informed that it would cost as much as 150 dollars to take out foreign patents, he declared that he was not going to squander any such prodigal sum on so unlikely an enterprise. As a consequence, although in the United States all of his patents as well as those of his competitors were acquired by the Motion Picture Patents Company, nothing of a similar nature occurred in Europe. At home, myopic executives of the trust decreed that ten minutes was as long as the morons who attended pictures would be able to concentrate on a subject, that ten cents was as much as they would or could afford to pay, and that to employ distinguished performers from the Broadway stage would be equivalent to serving pearls to swine. The custom of disparaging the intelligence of its patrons made its appearance early in top motion picture circles and has persisted ever since. If a producer disagreed with the

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REALISTIC SETTING: War-ravaged Rome was the background for Rossellini's *Open City*, which denounced the Nazis and their Italian agents.
Photo: National Film Archive

ruling of a Patent Company, he could buy no licensed camera; if an exhibitor rebelled, he could obtain no licensed projection machine.

In Europe, on the contrary, movie-makers were free to experiment with any themes or techniques that they saw fit. It was taken for granted that audiences oriented to the Theatre would be attracted by the possibilities inherent in a new medium of entertainment and communication like the cinema. In France, a company was organized with the offensive name of Film d'Art, which specialized in making pictures from the novels of such famous authors as Victor Hugo, Anatole France, and Sardou. It utilized distinguished performers from the Comédie Française, well-known musicians, ballet dancers, and theatrical directors. Incidentally, the pictures made with these promising ingredients proved highly unpalatable.

Unprecedented Length

An enterprising Frenchman, Louis Mercanton, however, persuaded the aging Sarah Bernhardt to appear in *Queen Elizabeth*, which ran the unprecedented length of an hour. The Divine Sarah, then approaching the close of her career, had a wooden leg and an equally inflexible conception of the nature of acting whether on the stage or before a camera. She was, however, thrilled by the opportunity to star on the screen and declared that motion pictures offered her her only chance for immortality.

Nothing could have been less conducive to thespian immortality than Bernhardt's performance in *Queen Elizabeth*, but it promoted an insignificant-looking, supremely ambitious little ex-furrier named Adolph Zukor into the less exalted order of cinematic immortals. He defied the trust, purchased the American rights to *Queen Elizabeth*, and opened it on July 12, 1912, at the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Americans flocked to pay 1 dollar admission—"highway robbery" was what Mr. Zukor's friendly rival, Marcus Loew, called it—to see their first feature film. It proved the prelude to the conception by Zukor of Famous Players in Famous Plays and the swan song of brief episodic films acted by anonymous performers in dingy and depressing converted stores. The great middle class awoke to the realization that something previously undreamt of was happening in the field of entertainment. Road

shows, vaudeville and American family life as we had known it were things of the past.

So impressive was the public acclaim that greeted *Queen Elizabeth* that one year later a twelve-reel Italian film, *Quo Vadis?*, precursor of many cinematic spectacles (including a new *Quo Vadis?* or a *Ben Hur* whenever business really got bad) was shown at the Astor Theatre. And George Kleine, the film's promoter, became the first American to enter the business of regularly importing foreign films. He organized twenty-two shows to exhibit *Quo Vadis?* in the process converting, as he once described it to me, "scores of unprofitable legitimate theatres into highly lucrative illegitimacy."

Meanwhile, America's foremost director, D. W. Griffith, had produced a four-reeler, *Judith of Bethulia*, which was temporarily shelved by the Biograph Company as part of the trust's programme of suppressing feature films. Emboldened as well as enraged by the successful entry into the American market of rival foreign-made full-length pictures, Griffith deserted to Mutual and poured forth his unlimited talents as well as his limited personal funds into making what was first known as *The Klansman*. The release in 1915 of *The Birth of a Nation* proved also to be the birth of a new era in picture making. Much as we owe to Europe for its leadership in the early, formative film days, Europe is even more indebted to Griffith, who once and for all clearly established the fundamental differences between the technique of the theatre and of the cinema. *The Birth* took over three hours and the admission was 2 dollars (more than the equivalent of 4 dollars today). I only mention this to indicate that long shows and high admission prices are not exclusively a recent movie phenomenon.

Decimated Industries

The First World War decimated the motion picture industries of France, Italy and England; Hollywood became the recognised film capital of the world. Ninety per cent of the pictures exhibited in Europe were American-produced, while temporarily the importation of films into the United States almost completely disappeared. Indeed, with the continued vast increases in production costs it is doubtful if, deprived of government aid, the industry of the United States of America could long exist. The U.S.

today is the only country in the world producing a substantial number of films, where they are not subsidized. And the only reason the American companies can survive without assistance is because their domestic revenues are doubled by those that they receive from abroad.

Partially as a consequence of governmental aid, German films soared in the early 1920s to supremacy in the world market and in the estimation of students of the cinema. The most famous among them was *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, the macabre story of a madman told against a highly stylized, modernistic background.

Sam Goldwyn, whose taste is as impeccable as his English (for publicity purposes exclusively) used to be faulty, saw *Caligari* and was much intrigued by it. He screened it in his company's projection room for his sales executives and advertising directors. One and all they thought it as distasteful a picture as they had ever had to sit through. Indeed, the only person who liked it besides Mr. Goldwyn was myself, and my position with the Company in 1919 was only one degree above that of a glorified office boy. Most exhibitors refused to play it and some of those who did subsequently sued us for having driven their patrons away for many months. Goldwyn was fired by Goldwyn Pictures—and what was worse, so was I. I thought *Caligari* was a financial failure, it was the parent of all the vampires, ghouls and monsters, the teen-age werewolves and the sons and grandsons of Frankenstein and Dracula that still run amuck on our theatre and TV screens.

Drooling Audiences

Other German films were imported into the United States for the first time by major American companies and met with much greater public approbation. First National distributed *Passion* in 1919 and audiences drooled over the charms and talents of Pola Negri. Murnau's *Last Laugh* was handled by Universal; its complete elimination of all titles and its intuitive use of the camera to convey the emotions of an aging hotel doorman made an unforgettable impression. The most successful of all, however, was *Variety*, imported by Paramount, with its portrayal by Emil Jannings of the tragic love of a trapeze artist. It broke every previous record for foreign film attendance. American producers, constantly on the prowl for talent, particularly when it has been recognized by others raided the German studios, paying huge salaries. Our screen was enriched by international stars such as Garbo, Dietrich, Jannings, Negri, and Veidt and by outstanding directors such as Lubitsch, Murnau, Curtiz and Dieterle.

Meanwhile, a new and gifted generation of young directors appeared in France. Abel Gance devised a triple screen for his *Napoleon* twenty-five years ahead of Cinerama. Jean Renoir demonstrated in *Nana* that he had inherited much of the genius of his father, and Rene Clair's *Italian Straw Hat* was the first intimation to us in America that a sparkling new wit, with a discerning eye for the ridiculous and the pretentious, was about to revive the early glories of French comedy.

But the final flowering of the silent era of European films was Carl Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. Made in Paris in 1928 with a Danish director, an Italian star, a Polish cameraman, a German set designer, and a largely French cast, it was a truly international project. What it said silently through the faces and hands of its protagonists could, however, be heard distinctly by picture goers in every country of the world. Geniuses like Chaplin, Garbo, and Dreyer needed and need no sound to enable them to talk to all mankind.

Not only were the German studios denuded of talent by their American rivals; they were

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A Little Larger than Life

SO William Wyler directed *Ben Hur*; Surely the coup de grace for those admirers who have borne with him through the heavy-handedness of *Roman Holiday*, the sure-fire commonplaces of *The Desperate Hours*, the notable unevenness of *Friendly Persuasion*, and the trite heroics of *The Big Country*.

To think that only a few years ago, Wyler was the man who dared to raise his voice against the Hollywood system: "We need men of courage in high places," he said, "men who will not be coerced into making only 'safe' pictures."

This statement was delivered on the occasion of the release of *The Heiress* (1949)—a film, which, although artistically unsatisfactory, deserves commendation for its unfamiliarity.

The Heiress was the first of five pictures Wyler had contracted to produce and direct for Paramount;—which studio, being aware of the prestige quality of the film, decided to nominate it for Academy Award selections, and to sell it to the public by means of a high-pressure advertising campaign.

As was hopefully anticipated, *The Heiress* won Academy Awards for star Olivia de Havilland, composer Aaron Copland, production designer Harry Horner and his associates, and costume designers Edith Head and Gile Steele.

But even so, public response was amazingly phlegmatic.

This was a state of affairs calculated to improve the irascibility of the studio bosses, especially when they considered that Wyler had a contract to do four more films and that a clause in the contract stipulated that he had equal rights with the studio in the selection of scripts.

Naturally, as far as the studio was concerned, further scripts like *The Heiress* were out. Wyler, however, wanted to follow up with adaptations of two more outstanding stage hits, namely *Sister Carrie* and *Look Homeward Angel*.

It was not until 1951 that a mutually acceptable script was found in the Sidney Kingsley play, *Detective Story*, which had the double advantage of both literary prestige and box-office attraction.

Critical Opinion

Certainly, the film was a great success, both with the masses and the intelligentsia, although critical opinion was weighted more against than for the production. And in fairness to the critics it must be stated that the ideals of *The Heiress*, although imperfectly carried out, were certainly more laudable than those of *Detective Story*—which didn't have any ideals at all. But then, to side with the masses, it must be conceded that what was attempted, was successfully accomplished.

Having re-established his reputation for box-office perspicacity, Wyler persuaded the studio to let him go ahead with *Carrie* (1952), his masterpiece.

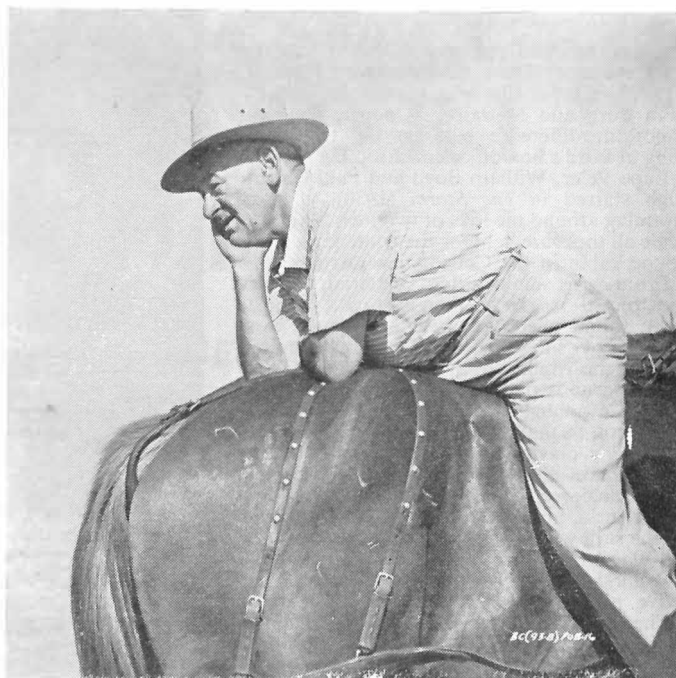
Unfortunately, the film was a financial disaster. The studio refused to allow Wyler to proceed with *Look Homeward Angel* and he was induced to produce *Roman Holiday* (1953), and after almost two years of inactivity, *The Desperate Hours*.

Having fulfilled his contract with Paramount, he has made *Friendly Persuasion* (1956) and *The Big Country* (1957) independently.

These last four films reveal a steadily increas-

First part of an analysis of Wyler's work for the cinema.

By
**JOHN
HOWARD
REID**



WILLIAM WYLER

PHOTO : U.A.

ing desire to pander to box-office foibles. And with this loss of integrity has come a corresponding carelessness. The man, who a few years ago was praised for his control of acting, is now so slovenly as to allow Richard Eyer's perpetrations of cute kiddishness and Anthony Perkins's nauseating facial distortions.

Famed Nepotist

Famed nepotist, Carl Laemmle, was visiting his cousin, Melanie Wyler, in Mulhouse, France. Laemmle, then (1920) head of Universal Pictures, spotted son William and offered him a job.

Arriving in New York later in the year, his principal baggage a violin and a pair of skis, eighteen-year-old William was whisked into Universal's foreign publicity department—mainly because he could speak French and German. Within a year, however, he advanced to head of publicity for all "Latin"-speaking countries.

Eager to enter the production field, Wyler contacted Cousin Carl, arrived in Hollywood late in 1921, went to the studio as office boy; was promoted to property boy, script clerk; then worked through assistant casting directing, assistant directing.

Early in December 1925, came "the big break". For the munificent stipend of 60 dollars a week, he would join the ranks of directorial geni over at Mustang, a wholly-owned Universal subsidiary, exclusively dedicated to promoting the artistic renaissance of the two-reel featurette.

As the name of the company suggests, Mustang's two-reelers varied considerably in subject—"ranging" from oaters to hayburners, and even (occasionally) to sagebrush sagas.

All were presented in the full glory of lustrous black-and-white with the added enchantment of inaudible sound.

Many of the Mustang scripts were helped on their way by that literary marvel, Carl Krusada. One script, *Ridin' For Love* (1926), was even written by Wyler, from a scenario by Joseph Murray.

William's first directorial effort was entitled, in gay abandon, *Crook Buster*. In 1926 he followed with *The Gunless Bad Man*, *Ridin' For Love*, *Fire Barrier*, *Don't Shoot*, *The Horse Trader*, *Martin of the Mounted* and *The Two*

Fister. In 1927: *Kelcy Gets His Man*, *Tenderfoot Courage*, *The Silent Partner*, *Galloping Justice*, *The Haunted Homestead*, *The Lone Star*, *The Ore Raiders*, *The Home Trail*, *Gun Justice*, *The Phantom Outlaw*, *The Square Shooter* and *Daze of the West*.

These Mustang two-reelers were not noted for the extravagance of their budgets: Shooting schedules were from three days to a week.

In August 1926, Wyler was assigned his first five reeler, *Lazy Lightning*, an epic of Universal's Blue Streak Western series.

Further (five-reel) Blue Streaks he directed were: *Stolen Ranch* (1926); *Blazing Days*, *Hard Fists* and *Border Cavalier* (1927).

After completing his Mustang, *Daze of the West*, in August 1927, Wyler graduated to non-serial Western five-reelers: *Straight Shootin'*, *Desert Dust* and *Thunder Riders* (1927).

His first non-Western, *Anybody Here Seen Kelly?*, made in early 1928, was followed before the end of the year by *The Shakedown*.

At first, Hollywood were sceptical as to the public acceptance of sound, but before the end of 1928, producers were forced to admit that the commercial possibilities of the silent film were now exhausted. Hurriedly they reviewed their backlog of unreleased silent product and hit upon the expedients of adding background music, and dubbing dialogue to selected sequences. Such films were advertised as "part-talkie".

Pugilistic Encounters

An example of this was *The Shakedown*—a combination of romance maudlin sentiment and pugilistic encounters.

The chief criticism that can be levelled against the film is that Wyler's handling of the acting is somewhat clumsy: Jack Hanlon reveals promise, but his precocity ought to have been curbed instead of exaggerated. The idea of this boy going down on his knees and taking special pains to put his fingers tip to tip before saying his prayer, is more painful than interesting. And although the star of the film, Barbara Kent, fulfils her decorative function quite ably, her co-star, James Murray, is inclined to be a trifle too emotional in a number of scenes.

In 1929 Wyler directed *The Love Trap* (starring Laura La Plante) and *Hell's Heroes* (his

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first one hundred per cent talkie). Adapted from the story *Three Godfathers* by Peter B. Kyne, this latter film was remade in 1948 by John Ford and Merian C. Cooper, the only important difference between the two films lying in Ford's box-office conclusion.

Lupe Velez, William Boyd and Paul Cavanagh starred in *The Storm* (1930), a story centreing around the love of two men for a girl, while all three are held for the winter in a snow-bound cabin in the Canadian wilderness.

From this uninspiring material, Wyler constructed a better-than-average support, using sound effects to great advantage: avalanches of snow, rushing rapids, blinding storms, the wind.

One scene is particularly well done: that in which Cavanaugh deprecates Boyd's gift of a music box to the girl, by telling her that Boyd isn't really playing it.

There are moments when *A House Divided* (1931) achieves a sombre grandeur and impressiveness, and Wyler is to be congratulated on the skill with which he makes the gloom of the island on which Seth lives, and the fear that lurks in every corner of Seth's house, active protagonists in the action.

The plot is simple enough—a predictable triangle relationship between father, son and young girl. Towards the end of the film, Wyler's control over his material begins to falter—the storm at sea during which Seth loses his life, is, indeed, conceived in terms of the crudest showmanship. The acting, especially Walter Huston's Seth, is inclined to the melodramatic.

Effective Glimpses

Tom Brown of Culver (1932) contains many effective glimpses of the activities of the Indiana military institution, and several noteworthy performances: H. B. Warner, Slim Summerville, Richard Cromwell, Ben Alexander. The film also marks one of the first screen appearances of Tyrone Power. The story is exceedingly melodramatic, delighting in such Victorian stratagems as bringing a dead father to life.

Wyler's next assignment was *Her First Mate* (1933), after which he graduated to "A" features with the screen version of Elmer Rice's play, *Counsellor At Law* (1933). The legal profession, who are traditionally regarded by the cinema as romantic allies of racketeers, are here contemplated in a more prosaic manner.

The play (and the film) is more a study of character, than of incident. In the main, Rice occupies himself with studying the atmosphere and incidents of a law office, in a way tending to portray not the more overwrought episodes but rather the day by day concerns of his central character's existence. Accordingly, Mr. Rice erects this study of a Jewish attorney on an exceedingly slight plot, dealing with the futile attempts of an enemy to have the attorney disbarred, and some tiresome domestic difficulties.

A play of this kind naturally throws the burden of its success or failure upon the actor playing the central role. And somehow John Barrymore isn't convincingly Semitic in manner. What is more, he reads his lines with the emphasis and dramatic resonance of the stage. Wyler has attempted to dispel the inherent theatricalism of Rice's screen play by tracking his camera with lightning rapidity from room to room of Barrymore's palatial offices. This contrivance, however, merely achieves a maximum of movement with a minimum of effect. It does little to disguise the play's intrinsic lack of continuity and substance.

Counsellor At Law was the first Wyler film to receive any critical attention. This attention, however, was mainly focused on Rice, and



RESTRICTED: The main action of *Counsellor at Law* (1933) took place in a lawyer's office. Wyler's first major film, two of its stars were Melvin Douglas and Doris Kenyon. Photo: National Film Archive



DANGEROUS CHILD: Based on Lillian Hellman's play *The Children's Hour*, *These Three* (1936) showed a child upsetting the lives of adults by scandalous actions. It featured Joel McCrea and Merle Oberon. Photo: National Film Archive

FELLING BLOW: Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer appeared in *Come and Get It* (1936), based on Edna Ferber's story of lumber magnates. Photo: National Film Archive



Wyler himself received scant notice. Still, his next film, *Glamour* (1934), received no attention at all, and in defiance of the trade hypothesis that "no newspaperman is good newspaperman", the public didn't go out of their way to view it either.

Wyler's next effort was expended on Ferenc Molnar's version of the Cinderella story, *The Good Fairy* (1935). Although Preston Sturges cinemadapted Molnar's play, he saw fit to retain most of the dialogue. And Wyler, remembering the adverse critical response to his tracking shots, devotes long scenes to showing two or sometimes three characters standing in line in front of the camera, talking away for dear life. And although Margaret Sullivan, in the title role, plays with charm, gaiety and resource, there is a slightly sophisticated air about her which doesn't completely fit the character of the guileless young schemer of the narrative, a defect which is emphasised by Wyler's overindulgence in close-ups.

Herbert Marshall does not seem happy with his portrayal of an impoverished lawyer, and were it not for the inspired, but nonetheless theatrical, clowning of Frank Morgan and Reginald Owen, the film would be somewhat intolerable.

Resigning from Universal in 1933, Wyler treated himself to a holiday in Europe, returning to the U.S. when he had run out of money.

For Fox he directed *The Gay Deception* (1935), another of those fables in which, according to Hollywood, the modern Prince Charming is ever ready to hide himself in the incognito of a page-boy or a bottle-washer.

Add to this hoary situation the equally ancient chestnut of the Cinderella who is lucky enough to win 5,000 dollars in a sweep-stake.

Magic Carpet

Given these two items, the plot is quite predictable; Cinderella's 5,000 dollars serve as a magic carpet, transporting her to a world in which she has no right. In this world there is but one person she can safely ignore. And naturally this one person turns out to be the prince of her dreams, and also a prince by birth.

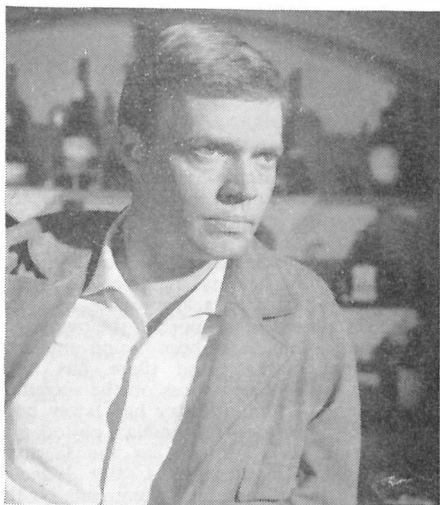
Although Francis Lederer admirably fills out both the tunic of the page-boy and the uniform of the prince, his partner, Frances Dee, gives a portrayal that always borders on caricature, thus dulling the point of most her witty lines. Essentially the film is a light comedy, handled by Wyler in his characteristically portentous manner.

Samuel Goldwyn's reputation was considerably enhanced in 1935, when he paid 50,000 dollars for the screen rights of Lillian Hellman's play, *The Children's Hour*. The Hays office had found the play not at all to their liking, and Mr. Goldwyn had purchased it with the understanding that he could not use its title or its plot, or even mention the fact that he had acquired it. To the Hollywood initiate *The Children's Hour* was a broken vehicle, and Mr. Goldwyn, much to everyone's delight, donated 50,000 dollars for the privilege of towing it away under cover of night. It was Mr. Goldwyn, however, who had the last laugh in the matter when in 1936 *The Children's Hour* materialised on the screen as *These Three*. Naturally, the film carefully refrains from mentioning its parent work, limiting its literary information to the fact that it is a screen play by Lillian Hellman.

Thanks to Mr. Hays, the film loses much of the play's point. What was originally the story of a girl, whose two lovers form, shall we say, mixed company, becomes of necessity the story of two girls and a boy. The strong bond between the two girls, the hint of abnormality, was what kept *The Children's Hour* together, giving the ordinary a touch of the sinister and making everything as dead and impossible after

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Three pages about German Cinema today . . .



KARLHEINZ BOHM

PHOTO: WARNER-PATHE

THE WORLD BEFORE US

By KARLHEINZ BÖHM

Karlheinz Böhm, son of the famous Austrian conductor Karl Böhm, is one of Germany's leading actors. He has mainly appeared in romantic comedies, the best known being the *Sissi* series with Romy Schneider. He recently came to England to make his first British film, *Too Hot To Handle*, with Jayne Mansfield and Leo Genn: and has since completed a leading role in Michael Powell's thriller, *Peeping Tom*.

GERMANY, after several years in eclipse, is at last making international film news. Hardy Kruger paved the way in England for German actors with *The One That Got Away*; and Curd Jürgens has had an equal success in the United States with such films as *Enemy Below*. I am very pleased about this. It is good that Rank took the risk of using an actor who was unknown in England as the star of a film about the German air force pilot Franz von Werra. It made it possible for brilliant actors like Eric Schumann, Horst Buchholz, O. W. Fischer and Nadja Tiller to come to Britain to make pictures. And the chance to film here.

This, I hope, is only the beginning of exchanges between England and Germany, not only of actors but of directors and film writers. I think that German actors who come over here are not taking the bread away from the English players, as the parts that they play are always foreigners, parts which maybe could not be as authentically played by English stars.

Nationalist Tastes

It is not only my wish to see more German film artists coming to England, but I would also like to see English actors, directors and writers working on German films. Both countries have pictures catering more or less for nationalist tastes. When they start to import overseas artists, it might put much needed new blood to their movies. Film-making is one of the professions where there need be no borders, where the nationality or colour of a person is of no significance: only their ability matters. Already many players from other countries are filming in Germany, such as Ulla Jacobson, Mylene Demongeot, Richard Basehart, Carlos Thompson, Eddie Constantine, Fernandel, May-Britt Nilsson, Cameron Mitchell, Cliff Robertson and many others. Giulietta Masina, star of Italian films such as *Cabiria*, *Hell in the City* and *Fortunella*, is making three German films . . . *Jons und Erdme*, *The Three Penny Opera* and one other. In general I have the feeling that English actors show some kind of reluctance to make foreign language films, with such exceptions as Roger Livesey, Leo Genn and Richard Todd who have made French films. You have a great number of good actors in England, as many as (if not more than) any other European country. Surely it would be to their advantage to make a few foreign films. It would establish them overseas and create a demand for their English pictures, and it furthers their

horizon as an actor when they can speak more than one language.

For instance, artists such as Dirk Bogarde and Trevor Howard, who is one of my favourite actors, would I am sure be in even greater demand in Germany if they were willing to do German films. One good film would establish them with the public, who would then want to see their English films. In England the popularity of Curd Jürgens has resulted in several of his German films being shown over here and doing very well, such as *The Devil's General*. Jürgens is probably one of the most versatile actors of today, making films in Germany, Austria, the United States, England and France.

International exchange in the film world also helps to create a more friendly feeling towards "foreigners". For example, when the average audience in England saw Krüger it helped to break down some of the prejudices which certainly had hung over since the war; they saw the average German in a different light, taking Krüger as being typical of his people. Similarly, in Germany, the import of English stars and ideas would dispel many of the illusions that are held there about the English and their way of life. I like the English mentality; they are not bound as stiffly to tradition as many people on the Continent (and often the English themselves) suppose. I have met representatives of nearly every social class and think that people here are very relaxed and not at all formal.

This interchange of talent applied to the whole of the film world would greatly increase the scope of the cinema. The exchange of people and ideas can result in a great development in film-making. For instance, countries with good actors and writers, but lacking experienced directors, could import the specific kind of talent they required. All this could help solve some of the wider international political issues.

I am often irritated by the way producers treat the everyday problems of youth. It is the fault of the producers who have been making films about young people purely for *business* success, rather than to come up with some solution to trends towards delinquency, which are common to practically every country. I want to see just one film which will help young people . . . and not exploit them. If you want to blame anyone, blame the adults! In general I think that today's youth is basically no better—or worse—than it was twenty, thirty or fifty years ago. I wish I could make a

film on this subject, either as an actor . . . or director.

Other social problems, in general, have been treated in a more responsible way. I think that *Das Mädchen Rosemarie*, for instance, was not a purely sensational film, but a serious and successful attempt at a criticism of German social life. It is a topical story, based on the mysterious murder of Rosemarie Nitribitt, the call-girl suspected of selling secrets she obtained from her clients, which could happen in any other country (even, I would suggest, behind the Iron curtain) and probably does.

One of the main drawbacks to filming in only one country is that, if you become successful in one particular role, you may find yourself being typed in similar roles in your next films. In Austria, I made three *Sissi* films, romantic comedies, with Romy Schneider. We decided not to do a fourth, even though they were very successful, because it might have brought our careers into a cul-de-sac. Maybe the same thing happens to one or another of our colleagues in England!

Dramatic War Story

I was relieved to get a role in *Kriegsgericht* (*Court-martial*), a small budget film made for about £50,000, which was a dramatic war story dealing with three sailors, survivors from a sea battle, who are decorated as heroes for action against the enemy but are later found to be deserters and are court-martialled. It attempted to show the stupidity of setting out "laws" for war. In peace-time if a man goes out and deliberately kills someone, then he is sentenced to death by the state, but in wartime for doing the same against one of the enemy he receives a medal.

Recently many actors have been making musicals. Nearly all artists try to do one at some time during their career; I have just completed one in Germany with Bibi Johns and the fabulous Louis Armstrong, *La Paloma*. However, I only play a band-leader in it, and do not sing—I don't want to drive people out of the cinema! and I believe that singing in show business is not as easy as many people imagine.

The cinema is still a powerful influencing medium; the growth of television has not killed films, but has tended to improve their quality and scope. When radio came people said it would kill the opera houses and concert halls as whole works could be broadcast; but the reverse happened, it stimulated interest

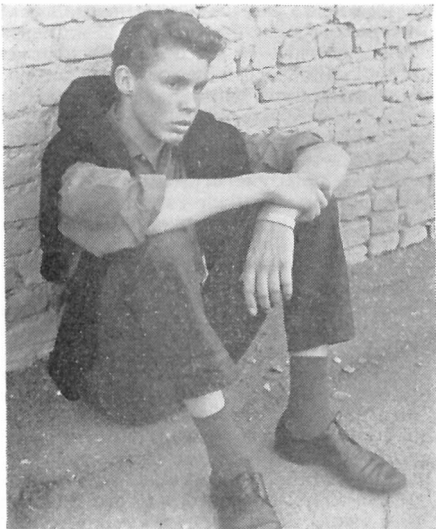
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INFERNO: Horst Frank as he appears in *Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben*, story of the annihilation of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad. Photo: D.F.H.



PRIZE WINNERS: Johanna von Koczian and Hans-Jörg Felmy are the stars in Kurt Hoffmann's *Wir Wunderkinder*, which won the German Critics Prize for Johanna von Koczian. Felmy won the Bambi award as the most promising actor of last year. Photo: Export Union



TEENAGE IDOL: Peter Kraus, Germany's top rock-'n'-roll singer, mainly appears in musical comedies, although he has played straight roles in two dramas about juvenile delinquents (left).

Photo: Eport-Union

YOUNG ROMANCE: Matthias Fuchs and Dunja Novar played the young lovers in Kurt Hoffmann's *The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp* (right).

Photo: Constantin

THE NEW GENERATION IN GERMAN CINEMA

THE German film has failed to create an impact on the world market since 1945 in the way that the Italian film did shortly after the war, and then the French, Japanese, Swedish, and more recently the Polish films. Germany's postwar export of films has not been very successful. It is difficult to persuade people—particularly in Britain—to go and see them purely as German films; and they have to be extremely good to do well even in their own market. Many people still associate them with being dull (and, perhaps, heavy) and as so few German films have been seen in Britain since the war, there has been little opportunity for this impression being changed.

The few German films that have been shown in Britain, for instance, have been generally of poor quality, mainly imported because of some exploitation angle, such as *Liane*, *The Third Sex* and *Dolls of Vice*, to quote a few recent examples. Not the type of film that is likely to stimulate a demand for German films as such. The only film shown in London recently that has been of any real interest was *The Devil's General* (Venice prize winner): but this was made in 1955. In America, about twenty German films are imported annually, but very few are widely shown. Last year less than one-third achieved a gross of 50,000 dollars or more. After 35 per cent has been paid in distribution charges and overheads have been met, there is very little, if anything at all, to return to the producers. In New York there is an art house which has specialised in showing German films. Two shown there last year met with great success, *The Captain of Kopenick* and *Montpi*. The latter did very well in the country as a whole . . . but only because it was put out under a French title!

Biggest Asset

Probably the biggest asset that the German film industry has are its artists, who have been making English-language films and establishing themselves as international stars. If they can make themselves popular with foreign audiences then there is likely to be created a demand for their German films. (Last year three of Curd Jürgens' German films were shown in Britain). Jürgens, by the way, is now valued at £100,000 per film in America.

Another reason for the lack of enthusiasm by distributors over German films after the

war is that, until recently, the German film industry concentrated on light entertainment films, mainly romantic comedies and musicals, which were successful in the home market but not generally acceptable in other countries.

Over the last three years, however, considerable changes have been taking place in German films; producers are tackling new subjects, foreign stars are being imported, the big names in German films have been going into the international market, and there has been recently a flood of new faces on the screen.

The German film industry has lately been making films dealing with the Nazi period, and the postwar period known as the German Miracle. One of these films, *Wir Wunderkinder* (*We Wonderchildren*), comments on the German love of militarism and the return of the Nazis to important positions in postwar Germany. Another, *Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben* (*Inferno*), deals with the annihilation of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad in 1942 during the Russian winter offensive. (It was the German entry at Venice last year). *Das Mädchen Rosemarie* (*The Girl Rosemarie*) was a commentary on corruption in the modern industrial classes in Germany. *Rosen Fuer den Staatsanwalt* (*Roses for the Prosecutor*) is about a man who comes up against a former German officer, who sentenced him to die during the war for a minor offence (the sentence was not carried out due to error), who is now in a responsible position in the postwar economy. *Der Mann, der sich verkaufte* (*The Man Who Sold Himself*) was an attack on the new rich society in Germany and the country's yellow press.

Unser Wunderland bei Nacht (*Our Wonderland at Night*) attacks practically everything, including prostitution, juvenile delinquency, industrial barons and all.

There have been a number of films dealing solely with juvenile delinquency such as *Die Halbstarken* (*Teenage Wolfpack*) *Die Fruhreifen* (*Precocious Youngsters*) and *Verbrechen nach Schulschluss* (*Crime After School*). Plans to show *Die Halbstarken* in England have been dropped. The censor demanded too many cuts! It dealt with a gang of young toughs who spent their time committing small robberies for cigarettes and pocket money, but then became too ambitious and decided to rob a mail van. *Die Fruhreifen* showed how



Young Stars, experienced directors and an old tradition—these combine in an assault on the world markets.

By ROBIN BEAN

honest youngsters get dragged into the company of trouble-makers, often the children of rich parents who drive their own cars and commit robberies and of acts of brutality just for the fun of it.

In both films the blame is laid on the parents, and the leading characters suffer the full consequences for their acts. In *Die Halbstarken* the leader of the gang, Freddy (Horst Buchholz), goes berserk with a gun at the end whilst in *Die Fruhreifen* the leading 'teenage playboy' (Peter Kraus), who throws teenage orgy parties and is later responsible for the death of a girl he tried to rape, breaks down completely when he sees the dead girl's body in the mortuary. Both films show the ring-leaders brought to justice, but neither attempts a solution to the problem. *Verbrechen nach Schulschluss* again shows 'teenagers committing robberies for the thrill of them, but here the gangleader (Christian Wolff) finds himself accused of a murder he did not commit, is tried and sentenced for it, all because he had become involved in petty thefts.

One company plans to make *Mit 17 Jahren Weint Man Nicht* (One Does Not Cry at 17), a problem film concerning teenage marriage.

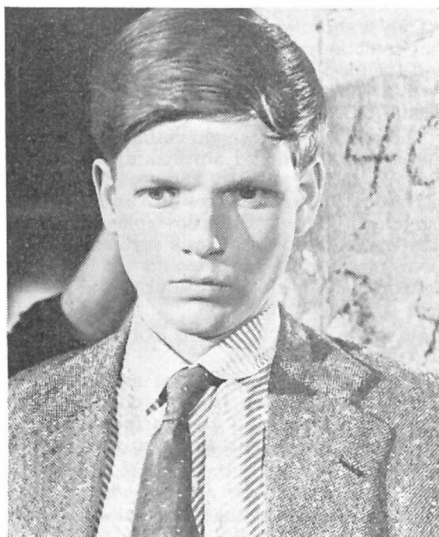
Disturbing Feature

Another feature, rather a disturbing one as it seems to indicate a lack of original ideas, has been the large number of re-makes, mostly of pre-war German films such as *Der Letzte Mann*, *Peter Voss der Millionendieb*, *Das Indische Grabmal*, *Madchen in Uniform*, *Liebelei*, *Der Kongress Tanzt* and others. Planned are remakes of *Faust* (to star O. W. Fischer) and *Eine Nacht in Monte Carlo* (with Eddie Constantine playing in the Hans Albers role).

At the helm of the re-building operations are the directors, notably Rolf Thiele, Alfred Weidenmann, Helmut Kautner, Kurt Hoffmann and Wolfgang Staudte.

Rolf Thiele, whose *Das Madchen Rosemarie* was one of the most controversial films of 1958, made his debut as a director with *Primanerinnen* (*Sixth Form Girls*). His main object has been to combine aspects of social criticism with witty satire. His recent films include *Der tolle Bomberg*, *El Hakim*, *Skandal in Ischl* and *Die Halbzarte* (*The Teddy-Girl*) --- the latter is

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OVERSHADOWED: Christian Doerner (left) has found it a disadvantage to be cast as a 'good boy', as he was in *Die Halbstarken* and *Die Fruhreifen*. In the former he was overshadowed by his law-breaking brother (Horst Buchholz), and in the latter by Peter Kraus, as a play-boy.

Photo: Export Union

VIOLENCE: Christian Wolff saves Heidi Bruhl from a vicious attack by Peter Kraus in *Die Fruhreifen*, story of 'teenage delinquents with too much money, and whose reckless exploits lead to tragedy' (right).

Photo: Export Union



AT THE HELM: Directors (left to right) Helmut Kautner, Wolfgang Staudte and Dr. Harald Braun formed an association called *Freie Filmproduktion* under which, independently of each other, they will make films that are artistically valuable. The first was Kautner's *Der Rest ist Schweigen*, a modernised version of *Hamlet*.

Photo: Export-Union



SECOND ROMY: Sabine Sinjen, (seen above with Paul Hubschmid in *Marili*), won the Bambi prize as the most promising actress of the year, and is challenging Romy Schneider's position as Germany's most popular young actress.

Photo: CCC



INEXPERIENCED: Barbara Frey had no previous acting experience when she was chosen to co-star with Horst Buchholz as the teenage lovers in Georg Tressler's *Endstation Liebe*, shown at the 1958 Edinburgh and London film festivals.

Photo: Export-Union

A Background to Horror

By **GENE LOURIE**

I THINK that my former work as an art director helps me to direct because I have been trained to interpret a script in visual terms. In fact, it is sometimes difficult to say where the direction starts and where the designing finishes. Direction, designing, writing, photography and music are all such interdependent, integrated parts of the finished product, that it is difficult to separate them. A picture is the result of the work of a team; and often what is known as the "style" of a director, is in fact the result of collaboration, of the combined creative work of a team; like the building of a Medieval Cathedral or the designing of a modern car.

I was very lucky to make nine pictures with Jean Renoir, first as an art director and later in close collaboration as a production designer. I first worked with him on *The Lower Depths*; then, *La Grande Illusion*, *The Human Beast* and *The Rules of the Game*. These were all made in France. Then in Hollywood I made with him: *This Land is Mine*, *The Southerner*, *The Diary of a Chambermaid* and finally, *The River*, in India.

While working together Jean Renoir and I became very close friends. Collaborating with him was a wonderfully stimulating experience. He responded immediately to ideas that he liked, deepening them, elaborating them. For instance, at one time I deliberately worked on the principle of a complete simplicity in sets. I never set up anything that would not be necessary, or that would not have a definite expression. Renoir liked this idea of austerity in expression and I remember one set, where, more eager than myself, he examined each piece of furniture and asked "Gene, is this chair essential?"—and the chair disappeared, and then another. We finished by playing the scene in a wonderfully bare set, but it was effective.

The last film I designed in France was with Rene Clair, called *L'Air Pure*. It was never finished! It was started just before the war. I built the most ambitious sets of the old streets of Paris (in Nice). But when the war started the film was abandoned.

I designed a number of films in Hollywood besides *The Southerner*. Among them were: *Sahara* and *Mortal Coils* with Zoltan Korda,

Gene Lourie, French-born international film-maker, was art director for Renoir, designer for Clair, and co-director with Guitry. He has made films for TV, written a number of Hollywood scripts; and here describes his approach to another aspect of his talent—directing horror films.

Uncle Harry with Siodmak, *The Imposter* with Duvivier and *Limelight* with Charlie Chaplin.

My first assignment as a director was *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms*. It was a relatively inexpensive production. We spent around 250,000 dollars. It eventually grossed over five million dollars for Warner Bros.

Then I returned to France to co-direct Sacha Guitry's *Napoleon*. He was very ill at the time, and he asked me if I would replace him. In other words, the film was not a very original work. I told Guitry "I will try to direct your picture as if I am you". Guitry had a strange conception of motion picture, a very theatrical approach. He would shoot a film as if he were filming a play. He never believed in camera movement. The camera always annoyed him. He always tried to shoot a scene in one take from beginning to end. The only technique that he believed in was "to put the camera on the railroad", and start with a long shot and then track in to a close shot, and vice-versa.

Battle Scenes

When I was shooting the battle scene for *Napoleon* he was terribly frightened because he was unable to reach the location, which was high up in the mountains, and he was not sure that I was doing what he wanted. I wasn't... a battle scene is very difficult to do his way! But it came out well my way, I hope.

After *Napoleon* I went to Sweden to make television films for Sheldon Reynolds in his *Foreign Intrigue* series and then returned to Hollywood for *The Colossus of New York*. Since this I seem to have been "cast" as a

director of science fiction films.

My latest? Last year I wrote the screenplay for, and directed, *Behemoth* which was made in London. Now I am here for a large colour production, *Gorgo*, for King Bros. Productions.

Shall I do only the "monster" films? No—surely not forever. But meanwhile I enjoy doing them, much more than I would enjoy making doubtful "sex-dramas" or pseudo-psychological stories. It is challenging and interesting to conceive and direct fantastic science-fiction films, big visual adventures about explorations of strange worlds. I do think that the need for this type of picture or, in general, for big action-packed spectacles, is inherent in audiences. There is also the tickling pleasure of being terrified, which people who go to circuses and bullfights seem to enjoy.

I believe that films should be very different. It would be bad if everybody tried to make realistic or grim stories: like books, you have a wide variety of very different books. The more variety that there is in the type of pictures produced, the better it is. The audience will not then be bored with the same type of picture. I myself enjoy doing this kind of film. I read a Satre play and found a wonderful phrase there saying that we cannot do what we want to do, but that we must desire that which we are compelled to do.

Motion pictures are only following other much more ancient forms of art and entertainment when they produce "thrillers". *Little Red Riding Hood* and other fairy tales have much more suspense and terror than any X certificate film. In the Tate Gallery you can see an exhibition of paintings of the Romantic School. There are many paintings of floods, eruptions of volcanoes, strange monsters and violent battles. The paintings of a Delacroix, a Gericault, often answer the craving for a shock of spectacular violence.

I have often been asked how I can believe or make believe in the reality of "monsters". But what is reality? Everyday things that we think to be impossible become realities overnight. Ten years ago a picture about travel to the moon would have been considered a fantasy. Today it could be fact. I have, incidentally, a story about the first trip to the moon. It is a very good science fiction story, but producers are afraid that when the picture is shot the actual trip to the moon will have already taken place, and that the the picture will be obsolete!

Only a short while ago I read in a newspaper that somebody is organising a hunting expedition for the Loch Ness monster. It shows that even monster films may soon become documentaries.

There is what you might call a "message" in *Gorgo*, the film that I am making now. It is that you should not play about with the forces of Nature, that these forces of Nature could be dangerous. It is a little boy (played by Vincent Winter) who expresses a reverence for the forces of Nature. He represents the feelings of someone who is close to Nature, who has not been spoilt by civilization.

He is the only one who is against capturing or killing the monster.

Monsters belong to the sea and should be left there. The idea has the charming simplicity of a fable, and as in a fable, ignoring this simple truth leads to catastrophic consequences.

BEAST: The monster created for Gene Lourie's Hollywood shocker, *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*. It played havoc with city life.

Photo: Warner-Pathe

FILMS AND FILMING



LOOKING AT REALITY

I WAS so well taught to respect the tradition of anonymity in critical writing that even today, after some thirty years, I find it does not come easily to hinge a sentence on the first personal pronoun. When I started reviewing films for *The Scotsman* in 1930, a rule of anonymity was still imposed on all the critical departments of the paper and although it has been relaxed since, it was rigidly in force during the ten years during which I was writing regularly.

Looking back on some of these reviews I am conscious of a certain, perhaps inescapable, austerity; yet the discipline was excellent and I do not think the reader suffered from the absence of any ego-pre-occupation. I saw my job as a critic as one of interpretation leading to judgment. It is, of course, impossible to use a ready-made footrule in criticism; but consciously or unconsciously I always tried to have in mind the principles: "Discover the purpose, judge its worth, criticise the technique".

An artist has, I think, a right to expect a critic to try and find out what he has been attempting to do. Most of the time in the cinema this is not especially difficult and pronouncing judgment is not a very demanding exercise. My most unsatisfied moments as a critic, however, have always been with directors whose purpose, obviously worth discovering, has proved elusive. I recall having this experience with Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr*, with one or two of Ingmar Bergman's earlier films and, most recently, at a first viewing, with *The Savage Eye*.

Fascinating Opportunity

With most films there was for me the fascinating opportunity of relating them to a director's past work. It is less easy to-day than it was in the early 'Thirties to identify a director's individual style. Lubitsch, Mamoulian, Clair, and Hitchcock were then only four of the directors whose style was very clearly recognisable. To-day a film by Hitchcock is still analysed in a personal way; but the number of such opportunities has diminished and I am sure the cinema, especially in Britain and America, is the poorer for it. There does not seem to me to be much future in making films to a formula, if that is the only alternative to encouraging a director to give a film a personal imprint.

I am sure I was fortunate in doing my main critical writing about the cinema at a time of growth and expansion, of enterprise and experiment. When I wrote my first reviews the last of the silent films were still appearing in the cinemas: *Joan of Arc*, *Earth*, *Potemkin*, *The Circus*. Most of the first sound films when they appeared seemed by comparison thin and superficial. Sound was a challenge to the directors and each new film was examined to see how much imagination had gone to meeting it. It was exciting to find how Clair and Hitchcock and Lubitsch had used it to add something more than recorded speech to their films.

There were some films, like *Night Mail*, where sound was almost everything and it demonstrated how the sound-track could add a genuine new experience to film-going. To-day this urge to experiment is very little in evidence in the cinema. It has moved on, with so much of the audience, to television where it was to be found, for example, the other day, in *The*

By
**Forsyth
Hardy**

the
distinguished
Scottish critic



FORSYTH HARDY

PHOTO: S. HALLIDAY

Innocent Eye. Could it return to the cinema? Possibly not to the epic spectacles around which the new economy is being built, but there is a place for it in the lesser works and perhaps television, with its greater freedom to experiment, can repay a little of the debt it owes by retransmitting some of the urge to the cinema.

It was not only in this sense, however, that I found it rewarding to be a film critic in the 'Thirties. It was the time for Movements. There was the documentary movement which spanned the decade and has had an influence far beyond it, in Britain and in many overseas countries. The fashion of decrying documentary, popular a few years ago, has happily died out and the movement is being seen as a main-spring of creative film-making and as one of the important influences on social thinking in the 'Thirties. I was pressed to join the movement more than once but if I did not accept and become an active member, I was a close observer and regular recorder of its achievements. As a friend of John Grierson's I sat in on the endless discussions about the realist approach to film-making and it would be a strange omission if I were not to record this as one of the major influences on my critical writing. It does, incidentally, seem odd to me that there should be no critical yearning to-day echoing the oft expressed demand in the 'Thirties to see the real life of Britain on the screen. Only when a film like *Room At The Top* comes along is this note struck by one or two film writers. If the documentary move-

ment did nothing else, it at least offered regular reminders that there was a world beyond the studios and the West End.

The other cause in which I played some part was the film society movement. It seemed—and seems—worthwhile that the minority audience in the cinema should be able to organise itself and see the films of its own choice. The idea prospered. In 1929 there was only the Film Society which for identification did not even need the attachment "London". By the outbreak of war there were hundreds of film societies all over the country and even if television has made some inroads on their memberships the movement to-day is still strong. It has taken unusual and advanced films into corners where otherwise they would never have been seen. It has acted as a point of stimulus for young people interested in the craft of film-making. And it has given some encouragement, although not much revenue, to producers whose work otherwise would have had a very limited showing. In one case—the Edinburgh Film Guild—it proved the background for the organisation of an International Film Festival.

Dangers for Critic

I am well aware that there are dangers for a critic who becomes too closely involved in Movements. He is apt to lose the attachment essential to his craft, to overlook shortcomings and to overpraise achievements. But it has never been in my nature to stand aside. If the cinema throws up something in which I believe, I find it very difficult not to try and serve it in some way. On balance I believe it better for a critic to lend his knowledge and experience to a movement in need of this help than to sit aloof in judgment.

It is this positivism which has led to my present work for the Films of Scotland Committee. The aim of this body—non-State-aided, non-profit-making—is to promote the production of films about Scotland and circulate an authentic picture of what is happening in the country. I am not concerned here with the achievement—twenty films in some five years—but rather with what it has meant for a critic of films to become actively engaged in film-making. More than ever it has made me conscious of the obligation on a critic, before he pronounces judgment, to understand what

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About the Writer

Forsyth Hardy was film critic of *The Scotsman* from 1930—1940. He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Film Guild and its Secretary for twenty-five years during which period he was also Secretary of the Federation of Scottish Film Societies. He helped to found the Edinburgh Film Festival and has been its Secretary since 1947. During the war he was in charge of film-making for the Scottish Government Departments and in 1955 was appointed Director of the Films of Scotland Committee. His publications include *Grierson on Documentary* and *Scandinavian Film* and he has contributed to film journals in many overseas countries. A regular broadcaster in Scotland, he has been Chairman for many years of the B.B.C.'s Arts Review programme.

What WE Think

Find Out the Reason Why

ONE remarkable thing results from the annual FILMS AND FILMING survey of the British cinema box-office. Film people know almost nothing about who see the pictures they make and why!

For several years the Board of Trade has compiled a confusion of statistics that show how the audiences are declining, in which areas the decline is greatest, and how what remains of the lolly is shared among the Exchequer, the exhibitor, the distributor and (the last to be considered in all matters of finance) the man who made the picture.

But when we tried to find out from one producer exactly how many people he thought had seen his film, he had no idea. We tried estimating in a variety of ways. But no success. He knew how much money the film had taken... and how much he was likely to get; but no one knew who the people were who had paid that money to be entertained.

For too long the industry has blissfully described films as a mass entertainment and ridiculed the few who have argued the need for making films for specialised audiences. The hard fact is that although about 13 million go to the cinema in Britain every week, a good film on average will be seen by no more than 4.5 million people. So, several million want a Boulting Brothers comedy, several million want a Hollywood Western, and several million want to see Brigitte Bardot. Like it or not, film-makers are already faced with a variety of specialised audiences.

And during the '60s audiences are likely to become more specialised. Partly because of the inroads into visual entertainment made by television, and partly because of the trend towards a more intelligent approach to the cinema, a "shopping" for films.

Ask a detergent manufacturer who buys his product and why, and he will have all the answers. Modern industry finds out with the most scientific aids exactly what its customers want. Not so the film men. They are years behind the times; and it is scandalous that they do nothing to find out more about their complex business.

Perhaps they are afraid that they would find a vast number of people wanting to pay good money for more films that do not insult the intelligence, that 'art', far from being a dirty word, pays.

IN CAMERA

THE 1959 FILMS AND FILMING surveys certainly made the headlines! Our investigation among producers, distributors and exhibitors showed that the top films of the year were *I'm All Right, Jack*, *The Big Country* and *Carry on Nurse*. It made the second front-page lead in the *News Chronicle* and it was splashed in newspapers as widely different in their readership as the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Herald*. There was general delight that British films were top!

But, of course, there were clashes of opinion. Nat Cohen, managing director of the company distributing *Carry on Nurse*, told *Evening News* readers he would pay anyone £10,000 who could prove his film was not rightfully top of the poll. Other distributors had inflated ideas about the popularity of some of their films.

The trade press took up the controversy. The *Daily Cinema* said our survey had "caused consternation in Wardour Street."

Some of the pundits appeared to expect us to do the impossible—have available sets of impartially audited accounts for every film released in Britain. We honestly attempted the next to impossible, that is, to place the year's most popular films based on comparative reports from a large number of authoritative sources. This is what other film surveys do.

It is not without significance that the film trade paper *Kinematograph Weekly* came out a few days later with a survey placing these films as tops for the year: 1. *Carry on Nurse*. 2. *I'm All Right Jack* and 3. *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*.

Then, a few days later, the FILMS AND FILMING findings were confirmed. The Gallup Poll, reported by Leslie Mallory in the *News Chronicle*, found that of the new 1959 films, the cinemagoer most liked *I'm All Right, Jack*. And that was that. The pollsters had done their job for another year.

Our survey was not so "crazy" as some people would make out!

An amusing sideline to the debate was the advertisement placed by the Boulting Brothers, who made *I'm All Right Jack*, in the trade press. It is reproduced on the opposite page.

Of course, in the long run, you—the cinemagoer—is the judge. Which would you queue up to see for a second time—*Jack* or *Nurse*?

Flashback

FEBRUARY 1935: Eddie Cantor's latest escapade is *Kid Millions* (illustrated) which takes him to the land of the pharaohs where he has inherited a large fortune from his father, who was an archaeologist.

Horror fans will be delighted by the news that *The Bride of Frankenstein* is now being made with Colin Clive as Frankenstein and Boris Karloff and Elsa Lanchester as the monster and his bride.

Ginger Rogers is sending small pieces of her wedding lace to her many admirers, and her fan mail doubled when the fans heard the news. The Ginger Rogers clubs, of course, are receiving preference.

Noel Coward is now making his first talkie, are Charles Laughton and Jack Oakie providing fierce competition in the battle for the title of Hollywood's worst-dressed star. Five-year-old Shirley Temple's contract with Fox Films provides that she will have "Comfortable and exclusive dressing-room facilities."

Crime Without Passion has been hailed in America as being one of the great films of the last year and is due soon in Britain. It is a psychological crime drama with Claude Rains, written, produced and directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.

Photo: National Film Archive

A Wrong Decision

THE British Film Institute decided that a valuable contribution to the art of cinema would be made by inviting Leni Riefenstahl to lecture in the National Film Theatre on April 10 on her work in films.

Then, within a few days of publishing the announcement, the board of governors issued a statement saying the invitation was withdrawn. The governors' statement co-incided with newspaper reports of pro-Nazi and anti-Jewish slogans being painted on walls both in Germany and Britain.

We cannot understand what Leni Riefenstahl the film-maker has to do with this. Let us try to ban *Ivan the Terrible Part 2* from the Academy because Eisenstein was a Communist. Let us go all the way, let us ban all German films from England because someone contributing to their making may privately have pro-Nazi sympathies, or some other nasty thoughts.

The BFI governors have done a bad thing for the art of cinema, which it is their duty to protect and to encourage. It is a sad day that the BFI should mix politics with culture, an artist's talent with his private life (past or present). The confidence of creative film-makers in the BFI, the world over, is damaged by this act of weak men, who lack the courage of their creative convictions.

International "Clubs"

GALA Films—having launched the first International Film Theatre and started mid-night matinees to lighten London's darkness—now forges ahead with yet another (and more ambitious) idea... cinema clubs. The clubs will operate on a similar basis to theatre clubs. For a modest subscription, members will be able to see films irrespective of censorship sanctions or the whims of licensing authorities that decide whether or not a cinema can open at two on Sunday afternoons.

My first doubt about the scheme is that it would exist only for the showing of near-pornography. I am assured by Gala that this will not be the case. Good films, the company claims, will be the only criteria; and the clubs will provide an opportunity for people who value the best of cinema to get together. I hope such worthy standard are maintained.



The first club film will be the long-banned Brando picture, *The Wild One*. Then follow two that raise doubts about the organisers' intentions to maintain high standards—*Camp of Violence* and *I Spit on your Grave*. And strip-tease instead of an ice cream interval perhaps?

French Losses

THE death, by cancer, at the age of 36 of Gerard Philipe was a sad loss at a tragically young age to cinema acting. Philipe had a rare quality of projection beyond the confines of a celluloid 'recording'. Since his first notable success (*Le Diable au Corps*) until his last, the banned *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, he never gave a bad performance. Even in such trivialities as *Fanfan-la-Tulipe*.

During recent years, like other great artists, he was turning his attention to directing. He made *Till Eulenspiegel* in the Lowlands three years ago; but so far it has not been shown in British cinemas.

Then came news of the death of Henri Vidal, actor husband of Michele Morgan. He died, aged 40, of a heart attack. His latest film was with Brigitte Bardot, *Voulez-vous Danser avec moi?*

Before the close of the year, the French cinema has also lost Yves Deniaud (58) and director Jean Gremillon (56).

Hollywood Afraid

STANLEY DONEN, returning from Greece to start production on his latest film *Surprise Package*, told me that the slump in musicals in Hollywood is due to fright. The film city fears that the receipts from them won't cover their cost. Donen, director of some of Hollywood's most successful musicals such as *On the Town*, *Singin' in the Rain*, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* and *Funny Face*, says he has no plans at all for doing another musical at the moment. "You don't just 'do a musical' any more".

His last two films *Indiscreet* and *Once More, With Feeling* were both straight comedies as is his next film. *Surprise Package*, adapted from Art Buchwald's novel *A Gift From the Boys*, stars Yul Brynner and Mitzi Gaynor. Brynner plays a gangster deported from America to Greece and Mitzi Gaynor is the 'gift' sent by the 'boys' (his fellow gangsters) to keep him company. The film is being made in a hurry because Brynner is only available for a short time.

ROCK IT! This was the advertisement placed in the Daily Cinema by the Boulting Brothers. (See—Lead to In Camera on page 16).

KNOCK-THE-POLL ROCK

(With apologies to Messrs. Feldmans)

Carry on, Cohen,
You're all right, Jack.
With or without, the Levy *
Already you've made a stack.
Isn't enough, enough for you?
Try changing the track.
Stop beefin', Cohen,
You're all right, Jack.

Don't grumble, Cohen,
You've lost the Selling Race.
The Stewards' decision is final,
Accept it with good grace.
A place is not to be sneezed at—
That, and your money back.
So smile and be a sport, Nat.
You're all right, Jack.

*Stuart or Eady.

COVER STORY: Three Persons of Promise

M.G.M. is the latest of the studios to join in the search for new talent. *Home From the Hill* features three young players, George Hamilton, Yvette Mimieux and George Peppard, who were recently put under contract by the studio.

GEORGE HAMILTON is certainly the most interesting newcomer to appear before the cameras during recent years. With only one film behind him he has been signed to a three-year contract by the Sanders Brothers and to a long-term one by M.G.M. His film debut was in the Sanders Brothers' *Crime and Punishment U.S.A.*, a surprisingly inexpensive production made for about £30,000, playing the role of a psychopathic killer. He puts in an excellent performance in a difficult and complex part. Prior to this film the only experience he had was in amateur theatre productions.

Born in Memphis, August 12th 1939, Hamilton is the son of the late George William Hamilton, who wrote the music for Goldwyn's *Golddigger* series, and the step-son of sports tycoon A. G. Spaulding. He studied at 25 different schools in the United States. In 1957 he won the Best Actor award for the State of Florida in a high school competition. Mae Murray, star of Stroheim's *Merry Widow*, advised him to go to Hollywood. He agreed,



GEORGE HAMILTON

CUTTINGS

In *The Mummy* I only kill three people—and not in a ghastly way. I just break their necks.—Christopher Lee in the *Evening Standard*.

I can't sleep in anything but a pink bedroom.—Jayne Mansfield in *The Times*.

Politicians do a good job of work for peace—but I'm sure entertainers could do a better one.—Tommy Steele in *The Times*.

In the old days we had the time and money to give prospective stars a slow build-up. Today an actor makes it fast or he just doesn't make it at all.—Hal Wallis in the *Evening News*.

He's much older, I know, but Clark Gable is perfect as my lover in *Bay of Naples*. Besides, his suntan helps.—Sophia Loren in the *Hollywood Reporter*.

Let's say I've given up being moody magnificence, but my friends still say I'm mean.—Jane Russell in the *News Chronicle*.

We are paid to have dirty minds.—Film censor John Trevelyan in the *Sunday Observer*.

The best fun of the lot is an evening at home with the family watching television.—Cliff Richard in the *Daily Express*.

More people watch Westerns than attend church.—Lord Rank in the *News Chronicle*.

As far as my sensitivities are concerned, I prefer writing. If somebody walks out of a theatre you can see it. If somebody puts down your book because he can't stand it, you don't know about it.—Peter Ustinov in the *Hollywood Reporter*.

"I gave myself one year to make good. If I failed, I decided I would return to college and complete my education." He was introduced to executives at M.G.M., who were impressed, but had nothing for him. He managed to obtain parts in a small number of television shows, then the Sanders Brothers signed him for the leading role in *Crime and Punishment U.S.A.* in which he appears in all but one scene. After seeing him in this M.G.M. official were hot on his tail to sign him for a leading role in *Home From the Hill*. Within 24 hours of testing for the part Hamilton was signed to a long-term contract. This new Minnelli film offers him another complex part, "I have to change in every scene: develop from an idealistic 17 year-old, a mama's boy, into a crack woodsman, still a boy in years... with his illusions shattered, yet with the courage to face a life separate from his family". At present he is starring in a story of young married couples called *All the Fine Young Cannibals*.

On his acting he says "I suppose you could say I act on instinct. It's really the director whom I study".

YVETTE MIMIEUX (pronounced 'Mimeo') makes her film debut in *Home From the Hill*. This nineteen year-old actress with blue eyes and blonde hair claims that her first ambition was to be an aerialist in a circus, but then decided that she would rather be an actress. She studied at Hollywood High School where she majored in Science and Arts, and then transferred to Hollywood Professional School to concentrate on modeling and theatre work. She comes from a show business family, her father (Rene) appeared in a number of Clark Gable's early films.



YVETTE MIMIEUX

GEORGE PEPPARD



Following *Home From the Hill* she was given a leading role in George Pal's *The Time Machine*, in which she plays Weena, a girl of 802,701 A.D. She also has a leading role in *Platinum High School*.

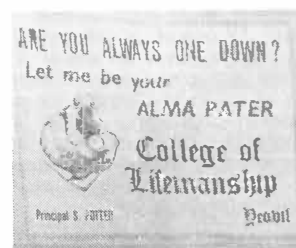
GEORGE PEPPARD: unlike the other two he has been in films for some while, but his first notable success was on the New York stage. Born in Detroit he graduated from Dearborn High School; entered Purdue University, where he spent a year studying to be an engineer; had nineteen months service with the U.S. Marine Corp; then returned to college and received a Bachelor of

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Two aspects of humour—British (Stephen Potter)



SCHOOL FOR

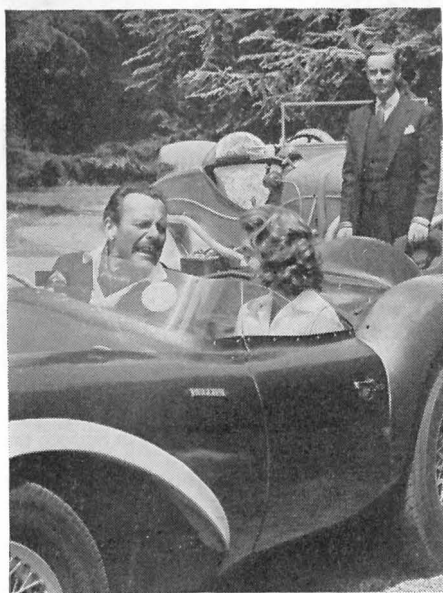


SCOUNDRELS

School for Scoundrels is based on three of Stephen Potter's humorous works, *Lifemanship*, *Gamesmanship* and *Oneupmanship*. It is directed by Robert Hamer, who made *Kind Hearts* and *Coronets*. Hal Chester and Patricia Moyes have written the screenplay from a screen adaptation by Peter Ustinov.

Photos: Warner-Pathe

The Story: Henry Palfrey (Ian Carmichael) is decidedly 'one-down'. He finds himself victimised by everyone, even beggars and taxi-drivers. When he meets an attractive girl, April Smith (Janette Scott) he makes a mess of his first date and she is lured away from him by a flashy man-about-town, Raymond Delauney (Terry-Thomas)—top, and sees her drive off with Delauney—centre left. He sees an advertisement in a paper for Potter's College of Lifemanship. He enrolls and is put through a course of Lifemanship, how to be one-up in life; Partymanship, how to be a success at social gatherings; Gamesmanship, how to win without actually cheating and Woomanship, the art of winning girls. He completes the course and receives his diploma from Potter (Alastair Sim)—centre right. He challenges his rival, Delauney, to a game of tennis and beats him; and successfully woos back April—lower left. Delauney, his confidence shattered, decides that he must enrol at the school—lower right.





BATTLE OF THE SEXES

The Battle of the Sexes is based on the novel *The Catbird Seat* by the Ohio born American humorist James Thurber, who defines humour as "a kind of emotional chaos told calmly and quietly in retrospect." It has been adapted and produced by Monja Danischewsky, and directed in Britain by Charles Crichton.

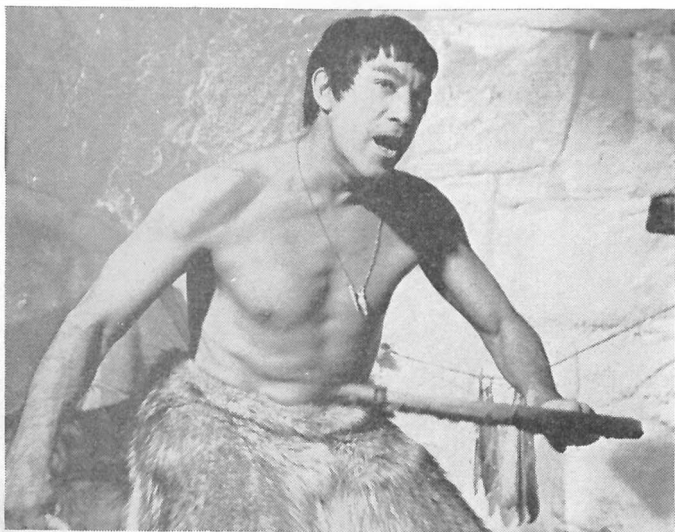
Photos: Bryanston Films

Robert MacPherson (Robert Morley), the head of an old established Scottish firm which makes hand-woven tweeds, informs his accountant Mr. Martin (Peter Sellers) that he had decided to employ an efficiency expert, Mrs. Barrows, who is going to modernise his department—top left. Mrs. Barrows (Constance Cummings) immediately starts reorganising the building, and shows MacPherson a model of the new factory that she intends to build for the firm—top right. Mr. Martin rebels against the methods which she has introduced and sabotages the new devices—centre. Not to be daunted Mrs. Barrows suggests to her employer that he replace his present staff with a more efficient one. Mr. Martin decides that she has gone too far and plans to murder her. He jures Mrs. Barrows onto a window ledge saying that a cat is stranded outside the window, but then finds that he has not the courage to give her the final push—lower left. When he makes advances to Mrs. Barrows she becomes hysterical. She complains to MacPherson about his accountant's behaviour, but he refuses to believe her and she goes berserk. MacPherson decides that the firm would be better off without her, and she is escorted off the premises—lower right.



Preview of **Nicholas Ray's**

SAVAGE INNOCENTS



Nicholas Ray directs this unusual film, based on the novel *The Top of the World* by Hans Ruesch, about the primitive Eskimos, their precarious way of life, and the lack of understanding that exists between the Eskimos and, to them, the outside world.

Photos : Rank Film Distributors

Inuk (Anthony Quinn), an Eskimo hunter, is jubilant because he has just found a wife—top left. He journeys to a trading post to exchange fox furs for rifles—centre left. The missionary at the post insult's Inuk's wife Asiak (Yoko Tani), and Inuk kills him in anger. The party returns north and shortly after Asiak gives birth to a son in the traditional Eskimo way—centre right. Asiak's mother, Powtee (Marie Yang), now old and useless, is left to die in the icy wastes—lower left. Two state troopers, sent to bring in Inuk for his murder, arrest him. While journeying south their sled overturns, one trooper freezes to death, but Inuk saves the other (Peter O'Toole) and tries to warm him by plunging his hands into the innards of a husky—lower right. The trooper then faces the decision as to whether or not he should turn in a man who has saved his life.



Our Man in Havana

Produced and directed by Carol Reed. Screenplay by Graham Greene, based on his novel. Director of photography, Oswald Morris. Editor, Bert Bates. Assistant director, Gerry O'Hara. Art director, John Box. Music played by The Hermanos Deniz Cuban Rhythm Band. A Carol Reed Production for Columbia release. British. Cinemascope. Cert. A. 111 mins.

Jim Wormold, ALEC GUINNESS; Dr. Hasselbacher, BURL IVES; Beatrice, MAUREEN O'HARA; Segura, ERNIE KOVACS; Hawthorne, NOEL COWARD; 'C', RALPH RICHARDSON; Milly, JO MORROW; Carter, PAUL ROGERS; MacDougal, DUNCAN MACRAE; Navy Officer, MAURICE DENHAM; Army Officer, RAYMOND HUNTLEY; Air Force Officer, HUGH MANNING; Cifuentes, GREGOIRE ASLAN; Lopez, JOSE PRIETO; and Teresa, MAXINE AUDLEY.

SINCE *Orient Express*, a 1932 version of *Stamboul Train*, a dozen of Graham Greene's novels and 'entertainments' have been adapted for the cinema. In a recent article he complained about the infidelities of a good many of these, culminating in Mankiewicz's disastrous version of *The Quiet American*—"one could almost believe that the film was made deliberately to attack the book and the author". Only Carol Reed has satisfied him; he speaks of their association as "halcyon days". It is hardly surprising if Reed is a writer's favourite director; in a recent interview he said "it is the director's job . . . to convey faithfully what the author had in mind".

All the same, even allowing for some uncertainty about what exactly the author had in mind in *Our Man in Havana*, one must slightly question Reed's complete fidelity. The story is all there, it is true; the screenplay often follows the novel surprisingly closely. The characters, too, are rendered very faithfully. Mr. Wormold, the melancholy little joker who is recruited into the Secret Service and who sets himself up nicely by drawing salaries and expenses for a group of fictitious sub-agents, might well have been conceived with Alec Guinness in mind. And in the event, Guinness lives to perfection "the sad man . . . cock of all his jests" described by Greene. Noël Coward, too, is splendid as our man in the West Indies, thrusting his umbrella into the Cuban pavements as resolutely as if he were in Bond Street, and carefully shutting a bamboo skeleton door to keep in the secrets. Burl Ives as Hasselbacher, too; and Ernie Kovacs's Chief of Police; and Richardson as the Top Person in M.I.5 . . .

What is missed is the subtle toning of the original: The lightness of touch on the one hand; on the other the sudden shift, half way through, from farce to ominous drama. The loss is important; it changes Greene's *Our Man in Havana* into something much more ordinary, a classy spy melodrama.

Reed is certainly capable of the kind of lightness and delicacy with which Green invests his writing. Why he has not achieved it in recent films is a trifle mysterious; my own theory is that he no longer closely supervises the editing stages, but leaves his films to be cut by editors whose sense of timing is less exact than his own. Here the adaptation is at fault too; the film seems to have broadened to meet the needs of less sophisticated audiences. There is a good deal more explaining now, both of the story and of the jokes; a single reference to "bird-dropping" for example is extended into an elaborate running joke.

And once you have lost the lightness of the early scenes, it is impossible to make the shift to something darker when events take a menacing turn; when various political groups take Mr. Wormold's invented agents and invented secrets too seriously, and a frolic turns lethal. The murders and assassinations are still there; but they have no longer the

Reviewed by

DAVID ROBINSON

STREET SCENE: Noel Coward plays an English secret service official searching for an agent in Havana, in Carol Reed's *Our Man in Havana*.

Photo: Columbia



same shock; even that sinister, hearty business lunch, planned largely to poison poor Wormold, has turned from horror into something like comedy.

The scenes remain, the characters remain; but the change of tone from frivolity to mortal earnestness does not. And with it goes any possibility to speculate about what Greene wanted to say about politics or spy games or the like. *Our Man in Havana* remains, simply an 'entertainment'—and a good craftsmanlike one at that.

DAVID ROBINSON

BEN-HUR

Produced by Sam Zimbalist. Directed by William Wyler. Screenplay by Karl Tunberg. Music by Miklos Rozsa. Director of photography, Robert L. Surtees. Additional photography, Harold E. Wellman and Pietro Portolupi. Art directors, William A. Horning and Edward Carfagno. Special effects, A. Arnold Gillespie, Lee LeBlanc and Robert R. Hoag. Editors, Ralph E. Winters and John D. Dunning. 2nd unit directors, Andrew Marton, Yakima Canutt and Mario Soldati. Assistant directors, Gus Agosti and Alberto Cardone. Make-up by Charles Parker. Recording supervisor, Franklin Milton. Costumes designed by Elizabeth Haffenden. American. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Camera-65 (wide screen, colour). Cert. A. 215 mins.

Judah Ben-Hur, CHARLTON HESTON; Quintus Arrius, JACK HAWKINS; Messala, STEPHEN BOYD; Esther, HAYA HARAREET; Sheik Ilderim, HUGH GRIFFITH; Miriam, MARTHA SCOTT; Simonides, SAM JAFFE; Tirzah, CATHY O'DONNELL; Balthazar, FINLAY CURRIE; Pontius Pilate, FRANK THRING; Drusus, TERENCE LONGDON; Sextus, ANDRE MORELL; Flavia, MARINA BERTI; Tiberius, GEORGE RELPH; Malloch, ADI BERBER; Anrah, STELLA VITELLESCHI; Mary Jose Greci, JOSEPH LAURENCE PAYNE; Spintho, JOHN HORSLEY; Metellus, RICHARD COLEMAN; Marius, DUNCAN LAMONT; Aide to Tiberius, RALPH TRUMAN; Gaspard, RICHARD HALE; Melchior, REGINALD LAL SINGH; Quaestor, DAVID DAVIES; Jailer, DERSV WARD; The Christ, CLAUDE HEATER; Gratus, MINO DORO; Chief of Rowers, ROBERT BROWN; Rower No. 42, JOHN GLENN; Rower No. 43, MAXWELL SHAW; Rower No. 28, EMILE CARRER; Leper, TUTTE LEMKOW; Horator, HOWARD LAND; Captain, Rescue Ship, FERDY MAYNE; Doctor, JOHN LE MESURIER; Blind Man, STEVENSON LANG; Barca, ALDO MOZELE; Starter at Race, THOMAS O'LEARY.

It will be a long time before anyone comes up with a spectacle to match Wyler's *Ben-Hur* for sheer physical impact, emotional assault, and dazzling beauty . . . all achieved without insulting (if not positively improving) the intelligence. It's the best spectacle I've seen, and regular readers will know by now that I am allergic to spectacles.

Like the majority of its genre, it is based on

Ivan the Terrible, Part II was reviewed in the January 1959 issue.

religious drama. Religion is always an easy way to play on an audience's emotions, hence its popularity with the spectacle moguls. Wyler treats both the Christ story and his audience with respect. Ben-Hur's progress towards a Christian philosophy is convincingly done, because it is never over-stated. And when we reach a last line that will probably be a classic in cinema annals ("And with His words he took the sword out of my hand") we realise that here is a man who has accepted a faith not because of precedent or dogma, not because he has been forced or coerced into doing so by any outside influence, but of his own freewill.

The secular story, stripped of its frills, is a bit too neat and contrived. Boyhood friends who become enemies. A pattern of "miracles" that brings the victimised Jew the confidence of a Roman tribune and his chance to grasp vengeance; and so on. Wyler's film mitigates this over-simplification by the sheer weight of good writing in the script. (Although Karl Tunberg has the solo writing credit it is now well known that Christopher Fry and others made substantial contributions). The drama is carefully steered away from the basic romanticism to provide a fascinating study in power and oppression. Instead of the *cliche* the dialogue sparkles with wit and intelligent observation.

But of course *Ben-Hur* would not be worth its millions of dollars without the spectacle. That is what audiences will pay to see—the sea battle, the galley slaves, the might of Rome, the chariot race. And they won't be disappointed. I can recall no greater technical achievement than the chariot race. The brutal realism of it, the seemingly impossible camera movements, the perfectly timed editing. I defy even the greatest cynic not to be excited by it.

All this physical excitement is made possible by the Camera-65 process (tried out on *Raintree County*). The extra wide negative has been taken into the cinema as an extra wide positive print. And the screen at the Empire (where the film has an exclusive engagement for many months) is somewhere between Cinerama and Todd-A0 in size. There is wonderful clarity (spoiled only by the disgusting British habit of smoking in theatres) and rich, warm-toned colour.

I was impressed, too, by the quality of the sound track, although Rozsa's music score is too cloying and sentimental. The stereo-

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phonic reproduction itself is the best I have heard in a public cinema.

The actors? They seldom have much to do in spectacles; but Wyler demands more of his cast than most directors for the genre. Charlton Heston gives a well balanced performance in the lead, never letting his authority or his humility go too far to extremes. Stephen Boyd's Messala is "nasty" rather than "evil", perhaps because in the cutting stage some of his scenes went; certainly his part could be deeper etched.

Jack Hawkins is a steady heavy as the Roman top brass. Haya Harareet's Esther is soft and sweet almost to excess, but hers is not a substantial part. This is, indeed, a study in male friendships and conflicts on both physical and spiritual levels.

In the smaller roles I liked Frank Thring's Pilate, was infuriated by the ham of Hugh Griffith's Welsh sheik, and wished that that accomplished actor John Le Mesurier had been given a more substantial part.

But these are minor quibbles over a film of undeniably great stature. This is not to deny that the quiet, introspective small-audience religious picture by a Bresson is not the more significant, more important work in terms of final human values. But the cinema was born of spectacle and there is a rightful place for it today. Wyler, to his lasting credit, has made a film that openly, violently plays on our emotions. Unlike lesser artists he does not debase his audience, or himself, in the process. *Ben-Hur* is not only a film for which everyone associated with its production can feel proud, but the whole film industry can justifiably ask, "Is there any better form of entertainment than the cinema?" There isn't.

P.G.B.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

Directed by Charles Crichton. Written and produced by Monja Danischewsky. Director of photography, Freddie Francis. Editor, Seth Holt. Art director, Edward Carrick. Assistant director, David Orton. Music, Stanley Black. British. A Monja Danischewsky Production released by British Lion. Cert. U. 84 mins.

Mr. Martin, PETER SELLERS; Robert MacPherson, ROBERT MORLEY; Angela Barrows, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS; Andrew Darling, JAMESON CLARK; Old MacPherson, ERNEST THESIGER; Irwin Hoffman, DONALD PLEASANCE; Graham, MOULTRIE KELSALL; Robertson, ALEX MACKENZIE; MacLeod, RODDY McMILLAN; Mr. Meekie, ABE BARKER; and Mr. Munson, GORDON PHILLPOT.

IMPORT a female American efficiency expert into the dim and dignified setting of an old-established Scottish firm of tweed manufacturers (with age-old customs and methods of working) and you have the basis for what should have been a brilliantly funny and witty film.

Based on a James Thurber short story, *The Catbird Seat* (a baseball term meaning 'sitting pretty'), it concerns the fight of Mrs. Barrows (Constance Cummings) to modernise an old family firm by applying new methods and psychology to the business. Given a free hand by the owner (Robert Morley) she installs modern filing schemes, calculating machines and so forth, which fluster all the old fossils in the accounts department. Mr. Martin (Peter Sellers), the chief accountant who has been with the firm for 35 years, secretly rebels and sabotages the machines. When Mrs. Barrows decides that the firm must change to synthetic fibres, and suggests that the present staff be replaced by a more capable one, Mr. Martin decides that she, like a bad entry, must be 'rubbed out'.

The rest of the film deals with his unsuccessful, but very amusing, attempts to murder her; her hysterical breakdown when he makes advances towards her; and her eventual defeat and dismissal when nobody believes her story about the accountant's behaviour.

Unfortunately many opportunities for some



ROMANCE: Gregory Peck plays Scott Fitzgerald and Deborah Kerr is seen as Sheila Graham in *Beloved Infidel*, an unusual love story directed by Henry King. Photo: 20th Century-Fox

really hilarious scenes have not been taken. The story and the characters should have been expanded more. But Peter Sellers' 'serious' performance as the old accountant is well-worth seeing. In playing it straight he adds great depth to the character about whom, unfortunately, we do not learn enough.

ROBIN BEAN

BELIVED INFIDEL

Produced by Jerry Wald. Directed by Henry King. Screenplay by Sy Bartlett. Based on the book by Sheila Graham and Gerold Frank. Music by Franz Waxman. Director of photography, Leon Shamroy. Art direction, Lyle R. Wheeler and Maurice Ransford. Editor, William Reynolds. American. 20th Century-Fox. Cinemascope. De Luxe colour. Cert. A. 123 mins.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, GREGORY PECK; Sheila Graham, DEBORAH KERR; Carter, EDDIE ALBERT; John Wheeler, PHILIP OBER; Stan Harris, HERBERT RUDLEY; Janet Pierce, KARIN BOOTH; Robinson, KEN SCOTT and Dion BUCK CLASS

IT cannot be an easy task for a writer to turn in a screenplay about a writer, particularly someone so close to the present generation as F. Scott Fitzgerald. Had it been Dickens, or Balzac, or even Mark Twain... As it is, Sy Bartlett does an honourable job. A little brash, over-sentimental and a few purple patches: but, then, Fitzgerald was himself guilty of all these things.

What I like most about *Beloved Infidel* is the way it succeeds in getting over some of the anguish of insecurity in the creative process. The way it projects a character who at once wants to be self-reliant, self-effacing, and yet bathe in the stimulus of acceptance, of public acclaim. It has, for instance, such fine moments as when Fitzgerald fails as a Hollywood writer, when he receives an all-important editor's rejection slip at a crucial moment in his personal life, and it bursts into a brilliantly edited rage sequence as the writer takes out his own failures on the one he loves.

Peck could hardly fail to give a good performance with such a well-tailored script. He has line after line that strike right at the heart (such as a beautifully turned phrase about beauty in youth being an accident of nature, but beauty in age being something that only man can achieve for himself). But it is the 'love' figure that fails to convince, largely because the shallow facade of Sheila Graham (society writer born in slums)—played in the film by Deborah Kerr—always remains a facade. We never get the same glimpse of her personality that we do of Fitzgerald's; perhaps because superficial people are the hardest of characters for a writer to bring to life. The early scenes of Miss Graham's whirlwind arrival in a hostile Hollywood just don't

come off, partly because both script writer and actress seem ill at ease; and from then on, Sheila never really comes to life.

Henry King directs the whole film with too great an emphasis on its emotional values. He allows himself a few astringent touches (I have particularly in mind the magnificent moment of Fitzgerald's sudden death, the quiet glimpse of Police, ambulance attendants, a covered body, then an empty floor, a slammed door... and loneliness for the one that remains), but these, alas, are outweighed by a sickly music track, lingering shots of afternoons by the seashore, and an abominable ending to a film that, in many other respects, is distinguished.

P.G.B.

VICIOUS CIRCLE

Directed by Jacqueline Audry. Screenplay by Pierre Laroche, from the one act play *Huis-Clos* by Jean-Paul Sartre. Photography by Robert Juillard. Art director, Maurice Colasson. Editor, Marc Beaufils. Music, Joseph Kosma. Director of production, Andre Calcut. Les Films Marceau, Paris. French. Mondial. Cert. X. 99 mins.

Ines, ARLETTY; Garcin, FRANK VILLARD; Estelle, GABY SYLVIA; Floor, Walter, YVES DENIAUD; Receptionist, RENAUD-MARY; Florence, DANIELE DELORME.

FOR five years this film has been refused a certificate by the British Board of Film Censors. One of the characters is a lesbian. I can think of no other reason. Despite a stupid prejudice in favour of banned films, I have to confess to finding this particular lesbian, the film she is in and the whole literary tradition behind the film an absolute bore. I never saw the play, which Jean-Paul Sartre wrote during the German Occupation, but Pierre Laroche's adaptation seems essentially faithful to the Sartre tradition. It contributes the standard Sartre view of the bourgeois man or woman panicking at the thought of his nakedness, escaping into the dullness of commonplace vice, and finally consigned to hell; not the traditional hell of tortures and demons, but the hell of other people as boring and bourgeois as himself.

Director Jacqueline Audry (*Olivia, La Garconne*) contributes her own tradition—one of theatrical cinema, sexual tension and claustrophobia. Her approach is the equally familiar one of the intellectual film-maker hounding down the dull and conventional; accordingly her film is true to Sartre, literary and theatrical and emphatic, exactly right in its choice of setting (a Second Empire salon), intelligently humorous and cold. The result unfortunately, is as mathematically precise as a geometry theorem read aloud *ad infinitum*, and just about as novel and exciting.

During the Occupation, when betrayal, physical torture and the mental torture of moral disquiet were very much French preoccupations, this story doubtless had a significance it has since somewhat lost. Today it looks like a belated addition to all those pessimistic, meta-physical films of the 'forties, like *Les Visiteurs du Soir*, Sartre's own *Les Jeux Sont Faits*, films about Faust and the Devil. This one has the neat idea of turning hell into a room whose three occupants suffer and inflict their own inexorable punishments on themselves and on each other; punishments made worse by the vices (lesbianism, sexual possessiveness and destruction, fraud and cowardice) they possessed when they were alive. From the window they can follow, as if watching television, what is happening to the living people they once knew—friends and relatives who now see the dead for what they were and cannot wait to forget them. A dramatic, even original idea, and one which works for half an hour or so. (The original, after all, was only a one act play).

But, on film, the sheer mechanical inevitability of it soon palls; the lesbian desires the pretty girl, the girl desires the coward, the coward believes that only by winning the understanding of the lesbian can he redeem

himself . . . And so it goes on, each desiring and at the same time rejected by one of the others. A comparison with Dostoevsky might seem apt; but it is not, for we soon come to realise the absence in the film of Dostoevsky's terror, ecstasy and poetic imagination. The underlying hysteria alone is from Dostoevsky. The rest comes from an outmoded French literary tradition.

Flatly acted by Gaby Sylvia and Frank Villard (though Arletty makes more of Ines, the lesbian, than there seems to be in the writing), the story remains a tedious attempt at intellectual therapy, its characters concepts rather than real people. Once we are told (and in a foreword, too) that hell is other people, the subject is a fatally static one. After the thrill of the early scenes—the arrival at the hotel, the dramatisation of each inmate's crime and death—suspense solidifies into permanent suspension, and we are left hanging on to nothing more concrete than analogies. Still amateur psychologists might get something out of it.

PETER JOHN DYER

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Directed by David Miller. Produced by Ralph Fields. Screenplay by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, based on their play *An Anniversary*. Director of photography, Lee Garmes. Assistant director, Tony La Marca. Editor, Richard Meyer. Music, Sol Kaplan and Robert Allen. American. United Artists. Cert. A. 82 mins.

Chris Walters, DAVID NIVEN; Alice Walters, MITZI GAYNOR; Bud, CARL REINER; Mr. Gans, LORING SMITH; Jeanette, MONIQUE VAN VOOREN; Mrs. Gans, PHYLLIS POVAH; Debbie, PATTY DRAKE; Millie, ELIZABETH WILSON; and Okkie, KEVIN COUGHLIN.

THE film industry has at least one reason to be glad that television reared its ugly aerial. The telly has provided the butt for an additional joke in the average domestic comedy and anything that relieves the monotonous repetition in this field ought to be welcome.

Never has this been used to better effect than in *Happy Anniversary*, the adaptation of the risqué Broadway hit by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, directed by David Miller.

This sugar and spice comedy puts forward the interesting theory that the secret of a successful marriage rests solely on the absence of a television set in the home. At the same time it warns married couples not to discuss what they did and where they did it before the wedding bells rang out, while the kiddies or the in-laws are around.

David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor are compatibly cast as the happily married young couple whose bliss is shattered on their thirteenth wedding anniversary by the arrival of a TV set.

Tempers—and things go from bad to worse. The calamity of the situation is only matched by its hilarity.

Niven, as always at his best in light comedy, does not disappoint. With premeditation he blacks the evil eye. He puts his foot straight through the staring 27 inch screen. In this, as in everything else, his timing is perfect. It would be nagging unjustly to fault his performance.

Since Miss Gaynor made her 'comeback' in *Anything Goes* with Bing Crosby she has chosen her roles with great care. *Happy Anniversary* is no exception. Her first film since *South Pacific*, it is the ideal picture for her to continue building up a reputation as a versatile actress. Mitzi charmed me.

No domestic comedy is complete without the kids. But for once they are not scene stealers. They are Kevin Coughlin, who you may remember from *The Defiant Ones*, and Patty Drake, seen recently in *The Goddess*. The girl beats the boy by a short stick of chewing gum. Neither warrant the rise in price of cinema seats in the future.

Bosomy blonde Monique Vooren also



EXPELLED: David Niven is found sleeping on a sofa by his two children (Kevin Coughlin and Patty Drake) after he has been locked out of his wife's room. A scene from David Miller's comedy *Happy Anniversary*. Photo: United Artists.

appears in this film. Frankly I can't imagine why!

However Miller's crisp direction throughout keeps up the pace of this laughter-packed American comedy which I recommend as entertainment—and light-hearted education!

TONY KENISTON

WHITE WILDERNESS

Written and directed by James Algar. Produced by Ben Sharpsteen. Narrated by Winston Hibler. Music, Oliver Wallace. Editor, Norman Palmer. Photographed by James R. Simon, Hugh A. Wilmar, Lloyd Beebe, Herb and Lois Crisler. A Walt Disney Production. American. Technicolor. Cert. U. 72 mins.

WHAT a contrast *White Wilderness* is to the Japanese documentary *The Savage Mountain*. Whereas the latter showed the vicious cycle of animal preying on animal for almost its entire length with few gory details spared, *White Wilderness* prefers to depict a comparatively pleasant and peaceful scene dwelling on the comic and sentimental rather than the savage events. Whales and seals floating gracefully through the water, bear cubs romping in the snow or chasing a mammoth walrus, or bouncing ducks. Even the wolves are shown as 'likable' animals.

Photographed in North Canada and Alaska the camera team has obtained some excellent shots of the activities of the animals, especially those of the wolverine, a little photographed animal; and of the annual thaw of the ice. Although a little over-long it all adds up to a pleasant and enjoyable film, which should please the less blood thirsty audiences.

ROBIN BEAN

THE STRANGLERS OF BOMBAY

Producer, Anthony Hinds. Director, Terence Fisher. Executive producer, Michael Carreras. Associate producer, Anthony Nelson-Keys. Screenplay, David Z. Goodman. Production designer, Bernard Robinson. Assistant art director, Don Mingaye. Supervising editor, James Needs. Editor, Alfred Cox. Technical advisor, Michael Edwards. Musical director, John Hollingsworth. British. Columbia. Megascopic. Cert. A. 80 mins.

Lewis, GUY ROLFE; Connaught-Smith, ALLAN CUTHBERTSON; Henderson, ANDREW CRUICKSHANK; High Priest, GEORGE PASTELL; Patel Shari, MARNE MAITLAND; Mary, JAN HOLDEN; Silver, PAUL STASSINO; Ram Das, TUTTE LEMKOW; and Gopali, DAVID SPENSER.

NOT so long ago the world was terribly, profoundly shocked by the first newsreel pictures to come from the Nazi prison camps at Belsen and others, whose names the years

have let drift into oblivion. I remember the consternation behind the scenes as to exactly how much the cinema audience should be shown in the newsreels. They saw only a part of that terrible record of Man's depravity.

Now we can sit in the one-and-nines and gloat at the same kind of thing. We can see men have their eyes gouged out by burning tongs, their tongues cut away, and watch them grovel in a filthy hovel where they are fed daily with pig-swill. We can sit—if this is not enough—and watch hundreds of sleeping natives being murdered by fanatics and then observe the spectacle of their bodies being tumbled in piles into communal graves.

We can see this in a new film called *The Strangers of Bombay*, a piece of fiction based on the Indian cult of the thuggee.

Just how far has humanity come in 1960 that a writer will lend his imagination to such perversion of the word "entertainment"; that a financier will gladly put money into such a project for reward; and that people, the majority of whom if challenged would claim themselves to be "normal", will queue in their thousands to see it?

It is no pleasure to record as a critic that something so unhealthy is well done, which it is.

I have little doubt that in 1970's Hammer will be filming *De Sade* . . . only without the philosophy. And the sad thing is, that a censorship that passes this present revolting masquerade with an A certificate, will give the whole thing his blessing (if 'blessing' is not too unfortunate an adjective to associate with the Maquis). But as the cinema seems determined to kill itself by flooding the market with such sub-standard fare, we may be mercifully spared this 1970 excursion.

And I don't want to be told these films make money! Not one has ever appeared at the top of a box-office poll.

P.G.B.

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

Produced by Charles Brackett. Directed by Henry Levin. Screenplay by Walter Reisch and Charles Brackett, based on the novel by Jules Verne. Director of photography, Leo Tover. Art direction, Lyle R. Wheeler, Franz Bachelin, Herman A. Blumenthal. Edited by Stuart Gilmore and Jack W. Holmes. Music by Bernard Herrmann. Song arrangements by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. 20th Century-Fox. American. CinemaScope. De Luxe Color. Cert. U. 130 mins.

Alec McEwan, PAT BOONE; Prof. Oliver Lindenbrook, JAMES MASON; Carla, ARLENE DAHL; Hans, PETER RONSON; Count Saknussemm, THAYER DAVID; Jenny, DIANE BAKER; Groom, ROBERT ADLER; Dean, ALAN NAPIER; and Professor Bayle, ALEX FINLAYSON.

SINCE the days of Méliès, the Victorian plot-machinery of Jules Verne's adventure stories has proved marvellous screen material. The virtue of coming to terms with it, of dressing but not overdressing it, as last illustrated four years ago in Richard Fleischer's 20,000 *Leagues Under the Sea*. If Henry Levin's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* lacks Fleischer's special talent for grotesque and "gothic" splendour, it makes up for its lack in other, often unexpected, ways; and, thank heaven, there is no naive H-Bomb tract this time. The story remains the straightforward period account of Professor Lindenbrook's expedition down a volcanic crater in Iceland, through the centre of the earth and up by jet-propelled volcanic elevator into the Mediterranean; ridiculous, of course, but transposed to the screen with taste, excitement and good humour.

Of movie necessity, Verne's characters have been tailored to suit Fox's stars—in this case Pat Boone as the "best student at Edinburgh University", James Mason as the irascible Professor, Arlene Dahl as the beautiful widow whom they are forced to take with

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them, and Peter Ronson (new to me) as a gigantic, incredibly handsome young Iclander who cannot speak a word of English. They are supported by Thayer David as a murderous Count, several prehistoric monsters and a tame duck. The result, strangely enough, is a perfectly balanced team, not so much colourful as immensely likeable and game. Pat Boone's unforced charm and Arlene Dahl's cool self-parody are particularly unexpected pleasures.

But the film is full of surprises, and these more than make up for its excessive length. It is extremely funny, for one thing ("Shall we stop here for tea?" James Mason blandly enquires on reaching the bottom of an abyss); and often very striking to look at. There is a beautifully incongruous long shot early on of a Victorian horse and carriage set against the snowy horizon of an Icelandic waste; the subterranean and Lost City of Atlantis scenes are all in accord with nineteenth century tenets of "return to paradise" romanticism; and the trick work is for the most part excellent. Bernard Herrmann, also, has risen to the occasion with one of his eeriest scores since *Citizen Kane*.

All in all, in fact, this film reveals a thorough understanding of the right way to exploit current preoccupations with fantastic adventure. It manages to make something original and entertainingly silly out of the traditional benefits of the period science fiction yarn, while keeping a shrewd eye on its contemporary, predominantly 'teenage, audience; and all without recourse to a single shot of offensive horror or sensationalism. It will be interesting to see how it does at the box-office.

PETER JOHN DYER

A TOUCH OF LARCENY

Directed by Guy Hamilton. Produced by Ivan Foxwell. Screenplay by Roger MacDougall, Guy Hamilton and Ivan Foxwell. Director of photography, John Wilcox. Editor, Alan Osbiston. Art director, Elliot Scott. Music composed and conducted by Philip Green. Assistant director, Peter Yates. British. Paramount. Cert. U. 91 mins.

Commander Max Easton, JAMES MASON; Sir Charles Holland, GEORGE SANDERS; Virginia Killain, VERA MILES; Comm. Larkin, ROBERT FLEMING; Comm. Bates, ERNEST CLARK; Sub. Lt. Brown, PETER BARKWORTH; Miss Price, BARBARA HICKS; Adele Parrish, MAVIS VILLIERS; Jason Parrish, MACDONALD PARKE; Police Inspectors, DUNCAN LAMONT and GORDON HARRIS; Dock Policemen, PERCY HERBERT and DICKIE OWEN; Capt. Graham, HARRY ANDREWS; Admiral, JOHN LE MESURIER.

A Touch of Larceny has been described by its producers as 'A Gay Comedy-Thriller,' suffice to say that this is a generally accurate assessment, although a slight emphasis has been laid upon comedy.

Like all the best films of this type, the plot is very complicated, and nothing is to be gained from over-critical attention to structural details. Complexity necessarily plays an important part in the comedy-thriller: thus the thrills are provided by the twists and shocks inherent in the story, and the essential comedy springs from the hero's resourcefulness when extricating himself from the dangers concocted by the imaginative writer. Hitchcock's films illustrate this perfectly.

A general pattern is discernable in the majority of films of this nature, and the verbal sparring match, contested in cynical, worldly dialogue, between dexterous hero and the equally adroit heroine, is often the core of the film. One remembers, in particular the series of films Bogart made with Lauren Bacall.

A Touch of Larceny contains an unusual mixture of seemingly conflicting styles. It begins as a "Carlton-Brownish" skit on the Admiralty, and ends on an eccentric Ealing-like note; at the same time, running right through the film, is the basic pattern of



STRANDED: a naval commander (James Mason) deliberately wrecks his boat off a small Scottish island on which he hides himself. A scene from Guy Hamilton's suspense-comedy *A Touch of Larceny*. Photo: Paramount

sophisticated wit. Oddly enough the result is not discord, but amazing harmony, and a lot of the credit for this must go to Mr. Mason. At first sight he would appear to be a strange choice of debonair hero, for physically he is rather menacing and sullen, and over a decade of type-casting can not be dismissed without effort. The effort is worthwhile. His performance is subtly original, and he plays with a charming, arrogant panache that skilfully encompasses and links the film's range of styles. The rest of the acting is more predictable; George Sanders supplies a degree of suavity that would be contemptible were it not so professional, and Vera Miles contributes a nimble-minded, appealing heroine.

The direction is oblique without being deliberately obscure; and the screenplay adult without being suggestive to prove it.

All the same this is a film that would have suffered at the hands of the censors only a few years ago. It would have come in for the same fate as *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (i.e. the 'right' ending, which happens to be morally doubtful, would have been axed in favour of a virtuous, but out of character climax. Not only drama benefits from a more lenient censorship.

IAN MOSS

PLEASE TURN OVER

Directed by Gerald Thomas. Produced by Peter Rogers. Screenplay by Norman Hudis from the play *Book of the Month* by Basil Thomas. Music, Bruce Montgomery. Director of photography, Ted Scaife. Art director, Carmen Dillon. Editor, John Shirley. A Peter Rogers Production distributed by Anglo Amalgamated Film Distributors Ltd. Cert. A. 87 mins.

Edward Halliday, TED RAY; Janet Halliday, JEAN KENT; Dr. Henry Manners, LESLIE PHILLIPS; Beryl, JOAN SIMS; Jo, JULIA LOCKWOOD; Robert Hughes, TIM SEELY; Millicent Jones, DILY LAYE; Ian Howard, LIONEL JEFFRIES; Gladys Worth, JUNE JAGO; and Maurice, COLIN GORDON.

WHY is it that some of the most successful British comedies, if you can call them that, are those that contain the same old material, usually salvaged from obsolete radio or stage shows; and virtually the same witless characters? I suppose it is because the intelligence of the mass audience has declined; there seems to be a vast majority who like to go to the cinema knowing what to expect and laughing at the same jokes and situations that they have heard or seen dozens of times before—preferably on the tele.

In the past few years the standard in general of British comedies has deteriorated enormously. Can they sink any lower than this

latest one from the *Carry On* team? When the cinema industry in this country has to rely on these films to keep going, then it might just as well pack up and join forces with television.

ROBIN BEAN

THE ROYAL BALLET

A Paul Czinner Production. Directed by Paul Czinner. Technical director, Alfred Travers. Director of photography, S. D. Onions. Editor, Philip Hudsmith. Director of the Royal Ballet, Ninette de Valois. Associate director and principal choreographer, Frederick Ashton. Musical director, Hugo Rignold.

MARGOT FONTEYN; MICHAEL SOMES; JULIA FARRON; ROSEMARY LINDSAY; ALEXANDER GRANT; BRYAN ASHBURIDGE; LESLIE EDWARDS; PIRMIN TRECU; FRANKLIN WHITE; THE FULL CORPS DE BALLET and THE COVENT GARDEN ORCHESTRA. Leader Charles Taylor. *Le Lac Des Cygnes* (Swan Lake), Valse, Pas de Deux and Rondo from Act II; *Firebird* and *Ondine*.

A PART from the dancing in some film musicals, specially those connected with Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly and Jerome Robbins, ballet in celluloid is usually a pain in the neck to most people who have any feeling for the art. This is a pity because the film can provide one of the most valuable records we are ever likely to get of great dance stars. In fact for record purposes most of the best ballet films have been made by amateurs who knew nothing of the clever tricks which the average film producer appears to think are essential for making ballet palatable to a non-balletic public. You know the kind of thing—shots between dancers legs, through grills, close-ups of heads when the rest of the body is indulging in some fascinating choreography, funny shots of the dance from above when all the dancers are doing steps of elevation and so on.

About three years ago, Dr. Paul Czinner put into practice a method, he had been developing over a number of years, for shooting actual ballet performances straight and by using several cameras. His first experiment in this method was with the Bolshoi Ballet during their first visit to Britain. The results have made history—both ballet history and filmed ballet history—and the film, *The Bolshoi Ballet*, has been enjoyed by millions all over the world. Naturally there were a number of faults and, in the intervening years, Dr. Czinner has worked at improving his method before embarking on his next full-length ballet film, *The Royal Ballet*, which was shot on two Sundays and through the whole of one week-day night during last January.

The main objects was to show Margot Fonteyn in several varied roles and she appeared in excerpts from the second act of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *The Firebird* and in *Ondine*. The film is presented just like a usual performance at the Opera House. The curtains, looking rather dirty and shabby, part, the performance continues and the stars take their calls at the end, just like in the theatre. No frills, no funny business and the effect is so much like being at Covent Garden that thinking I was actually in the Opera House, where smoking is not allowed, I never lit a cigarette for two hours.

The least successful of the three ballets is the excerpt from *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Possibly owing to comparison with the performance of the same act from various Soviet companies, it all seemed wonderfully immaculate but exceedingly cold and lacking in grandeur. Yet as an example of fine schooling it should prove to be an admirable example to the young dancer. In the *adagio* it is possible to see the beautiful line of Fonteyn and to understand her innate musicality as also to realise how noble a partner is Michael Somes.

But if the colours of Goncharova's designs for Folkine's *The Firebird*, which followed, do not glow with their ancient fire as on the stage, it is a most worthy record of what is undoubtedly one of this century's master-

pieces. There are a few cuts, which include the Princesses' dance with the golden apples and the opening of the final coronation scene, but little harm is done by this omission. The main thing is that it is possible to concentrate on the avian metamorphosis of Fonteyn in the title role. Here is a bird in freedom, a bird terrified in captivity, a bird who faithfully rewards her liberator, a bird of fairy tale fantasy. The highlight here, as it is also in the actual ballet, is the *pas de deux* with Michael Somes as Prince Ivan Tsarevitch.

In fact both in this and in Frederick Ashton's *Ondine*, which takes up all the second half of the film, it is possible to see the real artistry of Fonteyn far more clearly than is ever possible in the theatre where she plays. This romantic fairy tale about a Naiad whose sudden appearance to a noble youth, Palemon, upsets his marriage arrangements and involves them both in a shipwreck and in his eventual death, has been presented with only about 15 minutes cut from its full-evening length. The whole work, designed with great distinction by Lia de Nobili, seems to be more effective that on the stage.

Fonteyn gives a most touching performance throughout and in many subtle ways manages to convey the supernatural qualities of Ondine—when she discovers a human heart-beat or her own shadow, when she realised that she is resented by human beings, her sorrow when she knew that she must cause the death of the mortal she loves. All this in addition to her immaculate dancing and the exquisite beauty of her line have been captured by the camera. Michael Somes also in three roles which on the surface are very similar but which he makes into three definite and decidedly different characters, emerges with real film-star quality. If for nothing else this film is a triumph in that it preserves for all time one of the greatest ballet partnerships of our time. Luckily there is a great deal else and the whole company, from *corps de ballet* to soloists, rise to the occasion in forming the distinguished setting that their great ballerina deserves. Equal honour must go to Paul Czinner for having chosen camera-angles which reveal the beauty of the dance composition, for never cutting off dancers hands or feet, for using close-ups but sparingly and, above all, for having shown such insight into the real art of ballet.

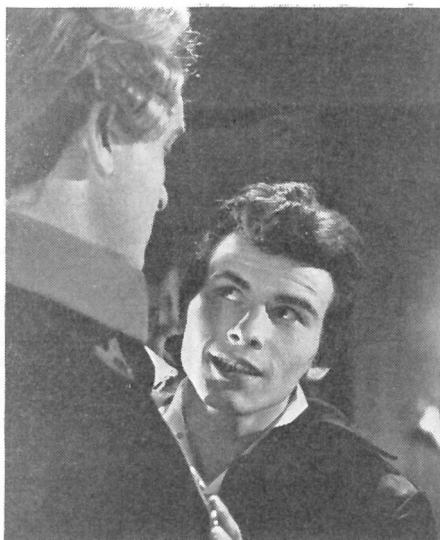
PETER WILLIAMS

THE BIG OPERATOR

Directed by Charles Haas. Produced by Red Doff. Screenplay by Robert Smith and Allen Rivkin. Director of photography, Walter H. Castle. Art directors, Hans Peters and Preston Ames. Editor, Ben Lewis. Music, Van Alexander. An Albert Zugsmith Production for M.G.M. release. American. Cert. A. 88 mins.

Little Joe Braun, MICKEY ROONEY: Bill Gibson, STEVE COCHRAN; Mary Gibson, MAMIE VAN DOREN; Fred McAfee, MEL TORME; Oscar Wetzel, RAY DANTON; Cliff Heldon, JIM BACKUS; Slim Cayhurn, RAY ANTHONY; Ed Brannell, JACKIE COOGAN; Bill Tragg, CHARLES CHAPLIN Jnr.; Gina, VAMPIRA; Tony Webson, BILLY DANIELS and Danny Sacanzi, LEO GORDON.

This film, although described as "a hard-hitting, action-packed suspense story that pulls no punches in its dramatic expose of a vicious, incorrigible (sic) rackets boss who exploits the labour unions in his lust for power", is in fact a routine gangster picture in a labour union setting. Mickey Rooney, as Little Joe Braun, president of the Precision Engineer's Union, is about to be put on trial for perjury and finds it necessary to silence those in possession of incriminating evidence, a feat which is normally accomplished without difficulty by the promise of 200 dollars a week and 'no more grease under the finger-nails'. Difficulties are, however, encountered in the case of honest Bill Gibson (Steve Cochran) who has all the attributes of a hero, including a blonde,



ROYAL NEUROTIC: Horst Buchholz plays a mentally unstable young king who is unable to rule his country in Harald Braun's *King in Shadow*.

Photo: Export-Union

shapely wife (Mamie Van Doren) and a lovable, freckled son. Gibson, despite beatings up and torture, still wants to do the right thing, and the timely discovery of his kidnapped son enables him to do it.

Were it not for the reforming pretensions of the producers of this film, it would be churlish to draw attention even to its most obvious faults; from the rank-and-file workers herded by a colourful collection of convicted criminals who fill all the positions in this strange Union; the bosses who grant 15 per cent wage increases and extra holidays at a single telephonic request from Little Joe Braun; to the police who are totally absent, both in their role as defenders of private property and in their Hollywood role as defenders of the rights of the citizens.

MAX NEUFELD

KING IN SHADOW

Directed by Harald Braun. Produced by Georg Richter. Adapted from the novel *The Queen's Favourite* by Robert Neumann. Director of photography, Goran Strindberg. Music, Werner Eisbrenner. German. Dubbed into English. A Bavaria Filmkunst Production released by British Lion. Cert. A. 78 mins.

Struensee, O. W. FISCHER; *King Christian*, HORST BUCHHOLZ; *Queen Mathilde*, ODILE VERSOIS; Bernstorff, GUNTHER HADANK; Rantzau, FRITZ TILLMANN; and *Queen Mother Juliane*, ELISABETH FLICKENSCHILD.

IT would have been to everyone's advantage if this film has been totally ignored by the distributors. Why they should go to the trouble of importing the film only to mutilate it by cutting, and dubbing it into English is another of those mysteries which only they can solve. It is a costume drama, set in Denmark, about a brain-specialist (O. W. Fischer) who becomes doctor to a mentally unstable young king (Horst Buchholz), nurses him back to good health, and is in return made Prime-Minister. He uses his new post to initiate great social reforms for Denmark; then throws his life away when he seduces the King's wife (Odile Versois), ending up on the scaffold.

It is a film that depends almost entirely upon its dialogue to tell the story, and in dubbing this film not only is much of the dialogue lost but it is done with so little conviction that the film looks fairly intelligent while sounding like a third-rate radio play. One surprising point is that Odile Versois is supposed to be playing an English woman but she has been dubbed with a heavy French accent.

I cannot imagine that this was originally a very good film. Nearly the whole thing was filmed in a studio with an extremely theatrical

approach. You see and hear little about the great reforms this doctor made, or whether they had any effect. The romantic episodes are handled clumsily, but luckily there are few.

The only possible attraction that the film can have is its three stars: O. W. Fischer, who seems even less interested in the proceedings than he did in *Whirlpool*, Odile Versois and Horst Buchholz. Unfortunately many people will go to see this film because of Buchholz in this one of his first films (it was made over three years ago), but his performance in it, although a good piece of acting, is at such odds with the film that it becomes comical.

ROBIN BEAN

FOLLOW A STAR

Director, Robert Asher. Producer, Hugh Stewart. Original screenplay by Jack Davies, Henry Blyth and Norman Wisdom. Photography, Jack Asher. Art director, Maurice Carter. Editor, Roger Cherrill. Assistant director, Bert Batt. Music by Philip Green. British. Rank Film Distributors. Cert. U. 103 mins.

Norman Truscott, NORMAN WISDOM: Judy, JUNE LAVERICK; Vernon Carew, JERRY DESMONDE; Dymphna Dobson, HATTIE JACQUES; Dr. Chatterway, RICHARD WATTIS; Harold Franklin, EDDIE LESLIE; Birkett, JOHN LE MESURIER; Pendlebury, SYDNEY TAFLER; Lady Finchington, FENELLA FIELDING; The General, CHARLES HESLOP; Stage Manager, JOE MELIA and Violinist, RON MOODY.

NORMAN WISDOM was a television discovery snapped up by the Rank Organisation, put into a series of financially successful comedies and—judging by the standard of his latest film—that is all... no development of style, no fresh basic material, nothing except a few hackneyed routines, a broad grin, and a lot of falling down.

In between there are 'commercials' for Grundig tape recorders, Bush radios, Benedix washers, and Old Spice. And as a finale, a giant star on the Palladium stage that is reminiscent of the Southern Television hall-mark. I had the impression I was watching a telefilm record of a Wisdom TV show.

When John Paddy Carstairs was directing the Wisdom comedies, the old gags at least came over 'smack'. This in itself is such an untidy piece of film-making, with some sequence compilation that confuses instead of adds to the story line. The story? About a fading singer (Jerry Desmond easily out-acting everybody) who steals Wisdom's voice; but (of course!) Wisdom comes out fine in the end, thanks to singing mistress (Hattie Jacques) and (this is good for a tear) crippled girl-friend (June Laverick).

The Rank Organisation is spending a lot of money renewing Wisdom's contract. I hope they will spend a lot more on finding him good material. The basic fault is the fault of so many Rank films... they're just not looking at life.

P.G.B.

HOME IS THE HERO

Directed by J. Fielder Cook. Produced by Robert S. Baker and Monty Berman. Screenplay by Henry Keating. Director of photography, Stanley Pavey. Music composed by Bruce Montgomery and directed by Philip Martell. Editor, John Ferris. An Emmet Dalton Production distributed by British Lion Films. British. Cert. U. 83 mins.

Paddy, WALTER MACKEN; Daylia, EILEEN CROWE; Willie, ARTHUR KENNEDY; Josie, JOAN O'HARA; Maura Green, MAIRE O'DONNELL; and Dovetail, HARRY BROGAN.

HOME IS THE HERO is the film version of an indifferent play by Walter Macken, set in Ireland—Galway to be precise—about a strong but stupid man who is sent to prison for accidentally killing a man and on his return to his family, after five years. The man finds great difficulty in understanding the changes that have taken place during his absence, particularly the change in the attitude of his children.

The whole thing is sentimental, unconvincing and too Oirish by half, despite the fact that the cast is drawn from the Abbey Theatre.

MAX NEUFELD

Films and Filming . . . IN BRITAIN

BRITAIN'S BUSIEST TIME FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS

By JOHN VINCENT

THE distributors and exhibitors of screen entertainment will say the most significant thing about the old year was that it was the busiest for British studios since the war.

A world shortage of product sent overall production of first and second features during the year up 120—ten more than in the previous record year. First features alone rose from 76 to 86.

Unfortunately, in terms of quality, the statistics are not so happy. Many of the productions were get-rich-quick affairs, following the quick-remedy cult and did nothing to advance the prestige of the British industry.

The most significant aspect of 1959, I think, was that it was the beginning of a gradual shifting of power from major companies to creative individuals in terms of deciding what pictures should be made. It's a topic I've discussed often on this page and at the moment its outcome can only be speculative.

More to come

Through such recently set-up organisations as Bryanston, Allied Film Makers and private independent production companies, the writers, directors and artists have already started making their own pictures. Even more are set for this year.

Ideally, nothing but good can come from this move, dedicated film people making the pictures they think should be made. Realistically, their problem is the same as the majors. They are only as good as their pictures—and they are not so well equipped as the big companies to sustain financial flops.

It will take a good eighteen months before it can be seen if they are on the right path.

Meanwhile there is no shortage of actors willing to have a crack at personal production. Peter O'Toole is the latest recruit. He has been approached by a number of companies to sign long term contracts, but instead has formed his own production company, Keep Films, with producer Jules Buck.

For the company he will make seven pictures which Buck will produce.

Production this year looks like equalling the 1959 level, especially in the international field. In this respect I would like to see more pictures with an international subject rather than subjects with so-called "international stars".

So far Rank has announced plans for only a handful of personal productions but will be handling a formidable line-up of pictures from Sydney Box Associates.

Doctor in Love

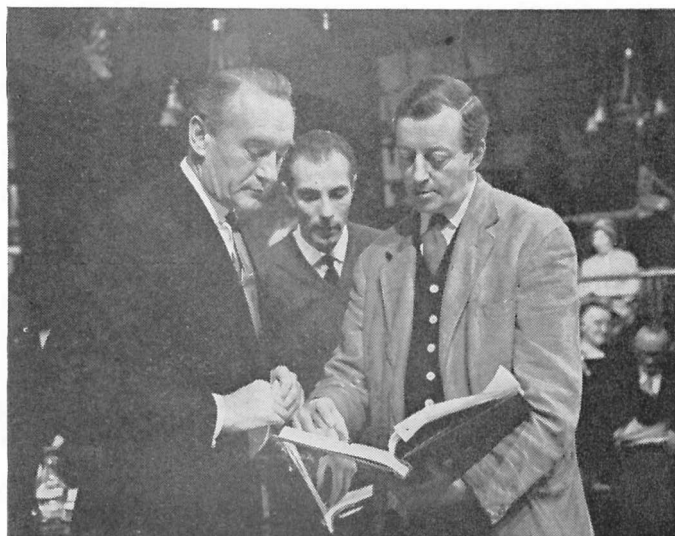
Its personal programme includes *Doctor in Love*, a Betty Box-Ralph Thomas production, scripted by Nicholas Phipps from Richard Gordon's novel and starring Michael Craig and James Robertson Justice; *The Singer Not the Song*, screen version of the Audrey Erskine Lindop novel which Roy Baker will produce and direct from Nigel Balchin's script. *No Love for Johnnie*, Wilfred Fienburgh's novel which Betty Box will produce.

Titles from Sydney Box Associates cover *Love Birds*, John Chapman's comedy starring Brian Rix, *Not in the Book*, scripted by Peter Blackmore from Arthur Watkyn's play; the screen versions of three more stage plays, Jeremy Kingston's *No Concern of Mine*, *Milk and Honey* and *Watch It Sailor*, both by Philip King; two original screenplays, *See No*

DRAMA PLANNERS:

Charles Frend (right), whose last directorial assignment was *Barnacle Bill* in 1957, is directing *Aubrey Baring's Cone of Silence* which will be distributed by British Lion. Here he discusses script changes with one of the stars of the film, George Sanders. *Cone of Silence*, which is being made at Shepperton, is a civil aviation drama.

Photo: British Lion



Evil, by Jimmy Sangster and *Time to Kill*, by Leigh Vance.

Columbia plans increased British production, backed by the fact that top independent Americans like Sam Spiegel, Stanley Donen and Charles Schnee are making this country their based.

Heading their line-up is Carl Foreman's mighty *The Guns of Navarone*, the £2,000,000 production now filming in the Aegean. Alexander Mackendrick directs this no-expense-spared screen version of Alistair MacLean's novel.

Otto Preminger plans to make *The Other Side of the Coin* in Britain. Pierre Boulle's novel is set in the Asian jungle and revolves around the off-beat triangle of a French planter, his American wife and a Chinese girl revolutionary.

Also for Columbia's British programme Charles Schnee (he made *Gulliver's Travels* in this country) has scheduled another Superdynamation subject, Jules Verne's *Mysterious Island*.

Lawrence of Arabia

Sam Spiegel will collaborate with David Lean to film the life of Lawrence of Arabia and also scheduled for Columbia programme is William Golding's novel *Lord of the Flies*, the story of a group of small boys, stranded on an island, who degenerate into bloodthirsty savages.

Richard Attenborough and actor-writer Bryan Forbes produce *The Angry Silence* for their own company, Beaver Films. The story, of a factory-worker sent to Coventry by his fellow workers, was written by Forbes from an idea by Michael Craig who stars with Attenborough. Also in the picture; Pier Angeli and Bernard Lee. Guy Green directs.

Forbes has also written the screenplay of Sydney Box Associates' *Operation Overlord*, due to start early next year. This is the story of D-Day as seen through the eyes of British, American, German and French forces. John Guillermin will direct. Producer John Temple Smith has secured full co-operation from the British services and the Pentagon, and has got hold of stock D-Day scenes never before shown to the public.

Business booms again at Ardmore, without a major production for some time. There now is Bob Baker and Monty Berman's Tempean production *The Siege of Sidney Street*, with Donald Sinden, Nicole Berger.

And due is *The Middle of Nowhere*, with Stanley Baker. This is produced by Emmet Dalton, joint managing director of the studios.

The Irish Industrial Development Authority's report shows that it made a grant of £45,000 towards the establishment of Ardmore for the year ended March, 1959.

Stanley Donen who has just completed the Yul Brynner-Mitzi Gaynor comedy *Surprise Package* will probably make a thriller, *Man Running*, as his next production for Columbia.

Michael Carreras of Hammer, which has a multi-picture contract with Columbia, assures me the horror film is not longer at the top of a cycle. So, though his pictures will still concentrate in such exploitable basics as violent action, earthy dialogue and colourful settings, themes will branch into other fields. Scheduled for instance is a Western *The San Siado Killings* and a pirate story *Blood River*. The company will also continue to turn history profitably to its advantage with a screen version of *The Black Hole of Calcutta*.

Rough Cut

Following the rare reception of a rough cut of *Sink the Bismarck!*, 20th-Fox executive producer Buddy Adler has promised a 15 million dollar production programme for Britain this year—with the bulk of it going to Pinewood Studios.

First in the programme is already being completed—Jerry Wald's version of D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, starring Dean Stockwell and directed by Jack Cardiff.

Walter Wanger is also preparing *Cleopatra* to be directed by Rouben Mamoulian and starring Elizabeth Taylor.

Also on the schedule are film versions of Terence Rattigan's play *O Mistress Mine* and *The King Must Die*.

British Lion promises increased activity at its Shepperton studios, and the most interesting news here is that the Boulting Brothers will return to drama.

Divided Loyalties

They are now completing Nigel Balchin's *A Sort of Traitors*, story of a scientist's divided loyalties following the discovery of a cure for a mass epidemic. This, incidentally, is a second feature—the Boultings are staunch believers in a supporting programme of quality.

Another drama they are readying is *The Gypsum Flower*, telling of a group of resistance workers trapped in a Pyrenean cave with some German soldiers.

They will return to comedy with their adaptation of the long-running stage play, *The French Mistress*.

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Films and Filming . . . IN HOLLYWOOD

I SHALL SOON HAVE TO LIVE IN NEW YORK

Studio Review by Clayton Cole

NEW YORK is becoming an increasingly popular location for film producers. During 1959 such films as *Odds Against Tomorrow*, *Happy Anniversary*, *The Fugitive Kind* and *The Middle of the Night* were made there, utilising New York studios such as the Gold Medal Studios in the Bronx. Around nine million dollars is to be spent on productions in New York in the near future. 20th-Fox's *From the Terrace* (which stars Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman) is being produced and directed there by Mark Robson, using the Manhattan studios of 20th-Fox. Two of the films to be made in New York star Elizabeth Taylor; United Artists' *Two For the Seesaw* and M.G.M.'s *Butterfield 8*. The latter has just started production with Laurence Harvey co-starring with Miss Taylor.

Billy Wilder has been shooting *The Apartment* in New York for United Artists. The script is by the *Some Like it Hot* team of Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond, and the film stars Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine and Fred MacMurray. Jerry Wald's *The Billionaire* spent two weeks in New York for location scenes; and Burt Balaban's *Murder Inc.* will shortly be made there for 20th-Fox.

But there is still no likelihood of there being a mass migration to New York, because of the large number of spectacular films that are being planned. Many producers are in the grip of the Biblical fever: three 'Stories' are planned, *The Story of Ruth* (which stars Elana Eden in the title role, with Stuart Whitman as Boaz, and Henry Koster directing from a screenplay by Norman Corwin); *The Story of St. Paul* (for which, incidentally, Frank Capra suggested Frank Sinatra should be cast in the title role, reportedly saying "This is not so odd when you remember what kind of a man Paul was when he started out—a heel."); and *The Story of Mary Magdalene*.

Sam Bronston has decided to call his version of the life of Christ *The Man From Nazareth* (originally titled *Son of Man*, then *Sword and the Cross*). John Farrow, who wrote the screen play for this film, was to direct, but he has been replaced by Nicholas Ray. Budgetted at 6,000,000 dollars it will be shot in Spain, Rome and Israel as an American-Spanish-Italian co-production.

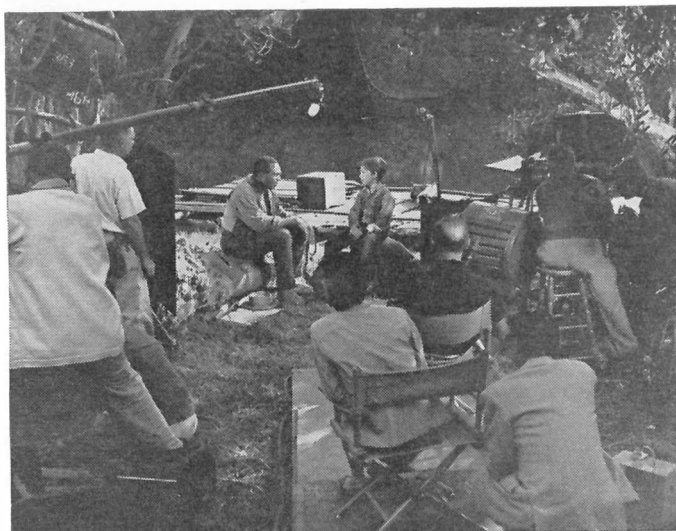
It would seem that the Bible provides producers with their best money-making material, apart from *Solomon and Sheba* and *The Ten Commandments* which are now on release, Paramount has re-issued *Samson and Delilah* which is proving to be a big box-office attraction on its second release.

At last filming has commenced on M.G.M.'s *Cimarron* with Glenn Ford, Maria Schell, Anne Baxter and Mercedes McCambridge. Edmund Grainger is producing, Anthony Mann directing. The U.S. Army is being very co-operative and Russ Tamblyn has been released from service for a while to play the role of Billy the Kid in this re-make of Edna Ferber's novel.

Another large-scale Western to be made this year is *Sam Houston*, which will be made by Batjac in Texas. Batjac, John Wayne's independent company, is at present finishing *The Alamo* which was filmed in Texas. Sam Houston, who also appears in *The Alamo* (played by Richard Boone), was one of the leading fighters in Texas' bid for independence. James Edward Grant has written an

FUGITIVES: Eddie Hodges, who played Frank Sinatra's son in *A Hole in the Head*, plays the title role in M.G.M.'s *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. He is seen in the background talking with Archie Moore (the light heavyweight boxing champion) who makes his film debut as the runaway slave 'Jim'. The film, directed by Michael Curtiz, also stars Tony Randall, Patty McCormack, Neville Brand and Mickey Shaughnessy.

Photo: M.G.M.



original screen play on Houston's life for Batjac, but it has not yet been announced who will play this role.

Frank Sinatra has bought the film rights, and will produce for his Essex Productions, the William Bradford Huie novel *The Execution of Private Slovik*. In 1958 Andrew J. Fenady and Irvin Kershner, the *Stakeout on Dope Street* team, were going to film it but dropped the project when they were refused official co-operation. Private Slovik is the only United States soldier to have been executed for desertion since the American Civil War. This action was held up as an example to other soldiers in the Second World War as what would happen to any other deserters. Other soldiers did desert, but none were ever executed. Sinatra says that he may direct the film, but definitely will not act in it.

WILLIAM HOLDEN is starring in two films which will be made outside of this country. He has just started work on *The World of Suzie Wong*, with France Nuyen in the title role; the part she created in the Broadway stage production). John Patrick has written the screenplay from Richard Mason's novel, Jean Negulesco is directing. Locations are being filmed in Hong Kong, and interiors will be done in London. Ralph Richardson and Michael Wilding also have leading roles in this film.

The other film that Holden is set to make is *The Counterfeit Traitor*, a Perlberg-Seaton production for Paramount, which will be filmed in Europe with Lilli Palmer co-starring.

Two projects based on the life of William the Conqueror are being planned. Claude Heilman, who made *This Earth Is Mine*, has formed a company called International Road Show Corporation, to make a project called *William the Conqueror*. He hopes to shoot most of the film in Yugoslavia with interiors done at the Munich studios. Filming it in Super Technirama 70 he estimates that it will cost around 7,000,000 dollars. Sir Frank Stenton, author of a novel also called *William the Conqueror*, will act as his technical advisor. Heilman's preference for the title role is Marlon Brando, and for the role of Mathilda of Flanders he is considering Maria Schell. He hopes to obtain Christopher Fry to write the screenplay and Laurence Olivier to direct.

The other version is a British one, which will be filmed in Cinerama by David Henley and Anthony Havelock-Allan.

Audrey Hepburn is to star in *The Man Who Had No Private Life*, a Hal Wallis production for Paramount, the screenplay is by Sidney

Sheldon. After this she goes to England to make *No Bail for the Judge* for Alfred Hitchcock.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS has decided that he is not going to write any more screenplays, he will concentrate on writing stage plays. He says "I'm not going to write films anymore. One's energy and one's creative life are too short to create a thing in one medium and then go back and create it in another. I insisted on doing *The Fugitive Kind* because of Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani."

Universal is to remake *Next Time We Love*, which will star Rock Hudson and Doris Day, who played together in the recently completed *Pillow Talk* and who are due to co-star in *Matilda Shouted Fire*. *Next Time We Love* was originally made in 1936 when it starred James Stewart and Margaret Sullivan.

Maurice Chevalier is to star in a film based on Flora Sandstrom's *The Midwife of Pont Clery* called *Apple Pie Bed*.

Buddy Adler is to produce *John Brown's Body*, a film version of Stephen Vincent Benet's poem. Jerry Wald bought film rights to the James Thurber and E. B. White novel, *Is Sex Necessary?* Walt Disney to film Jules Verne's *The Castaways*.

IN BRIEF: United Artists have bought the film rights to Cecil Woodham-Smith's *The Reason Why*, the story of the ill-fated Charge of the Light Brigade. Debbie Reynolds has formed her own company, Harmon Productions, and has lined up a project *I'm Through With Love!* James Darren and Jean Seberg join Burl Ives and Shelley Winters in *Reach For Tomorrow*. Anthony Quinn wants Gregory Peck to star in his *The Miraculous Fish*, which deals with the effect that radioactivity has had on Japanese fishing, Quinn will produce it in Japan.

Arts degree.

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Peppard made his stage debut at the Pittsburgh Playhouse, but he had to earn his living in a number of occupations such as being a contraction labourer, fencing instructor and bank clerk. He later joined Lee Strasberg's Actor's Studio in New York, which led to his first film part in *End As a Man*, and later to a role in *Pork Chop Hill*. His first big success was in *The Pleasure of His Company* on Broadway. Following his role as the backwoods boy in *Home From the Hill* Peppard was given the leading role in Arthur Freed's story about Beatniks in San Francisco, *The Subterraneans*.

Peppard, Hamilton and Yvette Mimieux are all to appear in Joe Pasternak's *Where the Boys Are*.



ROUGH: The senseless sacrificing of German youths towards the end of the last war is the main theme of Bernhard Wicki's *Die Brücke*. Photo: D.F.H

GERMANY —from page 13

about an ordinary girl (Romy Schneider) who pretends to be a 'sex-symbol'. His most recent film is *Labyrinth*, set in a sanitarium, with Nadja Tiller and Peter van Eyck, both of whom he worked with on *Rosemarie*. Thiele has said that he would like to make a film dealing with thousands of West Germans who are at present living under assumed names as they fear that they might be arrested. But will he? He is under contract to make four films for UFA, the first was *Labyrinth*, the next will be *Der Liebe Augustin* (*The Jolly Augustin*).

On the present trends of films in Germany of picturing the Nazi era he says, "Now that we have a certain distance, we can look back and look at ourselves as we were . . . Holding up the mirror to us today is much more painful, and also more difficult, considering the high living standards that are generally enjoyed".

No Best Sellers

Alfred Weidenmann has avoided making films out of best sellers. He made his first feature film *Junge Adler* (*Young Eagles*) in 1941, and one of the children he discovered for the film, Eberhard Kruger, is now an international star. After the war Weidenmann concentrated on documentaries. In 1953 he was awarded the Federal Film Prize for his *Weg in die Freiheit* which was filmed in a jail for juvenile criminals. He also won a Federal Film Prize for *Canaris*, which has been exported to over 40 countries, after which he made *Alibi* and *Kitty und die grosse Welt*. In 1957 he made a biopic of the life of Hans Joachim Marseille, the German air ace, called *Der Stern von Afrika* (*Star of Africa*). His latest films are *Die Buddenbrooks*, adapted from the Thomas Mann novel, and *Bumerang* (from the book by Herbert Reinecker) for UFA, with Hardy Kruger, Mario Adorf and Horst Frank.

Wolfgang Staudte was responsible for the first post-war German film *Die Morder sind unter uns* (*The Murderers are Amongst Us*), which he wrote and directed in 1946. It starred Hildegard Knef. After this he made *Rotation*, *Der Untertan*, *Ciske* and Gerhart Hauptmann's *Rose Bernd* (with Maria Schell) among others. His *Die Ratten* was awarded a Silver Lion at Venice. He started work on a film version of Brecht's *Mutter Courage*, but it came to an end due to differences between him and the writer. "The film is my medium of expression", he says,

"and I am a film director because I believe that I have a few things to say".

Kurt Hoffmann served his apprenticeship under Erich Charell as assistant on *Der Kongress Tanzt*. His first solo effort was in 1939, *Paradise der Junggesellen* (*Bachelor's Paradise*) with Heinz Ruhmann. Most of his films have been romantic comedies and among his most popular are *Piroschka*, Thomas Mann's *Der Bekenntnisse des Hochstaplers Felix Krull*, and Erich Kastner's *Salzburger Geschichten* (*Salzburg Tales*), starring Marianne Koch. Last year his *Das Wirthaus im Spessart*, based on the Wilhelm Hauff story about a 19th century Robin Hood, in reality a count, (Carlos Thompson) and a baroness (Liselotte Pulver) who disguises herself as a tramp to join the robber band, was the biggest box-office success in Germany. Recently Hoffmann made *Wir Wunderkinder*, *Engel der Seine Harfe versetzte* (*The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp*) and *Das schone Abenteuer*. He is now working on *Lampenfieber* (*Stage Fright*) with Dunja Movar, and planning to make *Das Spukschloss im Spessart*, with Liselotte Pulver.

Top Four

Helmut Kautner is probably the best known of the postwar German directors. He has been responsible for some of Germany's biggest international successes such as *Himmel ohne Stern* (*Sky Without Stars*), *Des Teufels General*, *Der Hauptmann von Kopenick* and *Montpi*, considered to be four of the best films to come out of Germany since the war. He has a five year contract with Universal-International, under which he has already made *The Wonderful Years* and *And Ride The Tiger*. With two other leading directors, Wolfgang Staudte and Dr. Alfred Braun, he formed "Freie Filmproduktion G.m.b.H.", under which the three of them will film, entirely independent of each other, material which is valuable from the artistic point of view. Kautner's most recent films are *Der Schinderhannes* with Curd Jürgens and Maria Schell, and *Der Rest ist Schweigen*, a modernised version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, with Hardy Kruger and Peter van Eyck. He recently finished *Die Gans von Sedan* with Krüger, Francoise Rosay and Dany Carrel.

William Dieterle, the German director who went to Hollywood in 1929, where he has made over 70 films, is now back in Germany. He considers that *Life of Emile Zola* (1937) is his

best film, others he has made include *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *Salome* and *Omar Khayyam*. Dieterle's first film on his return to Germany is *Herrin der Welt* (*Mistress of the World*), for which Pola Megri has come out of retirement to play a paralyzed agent. Also starring are Peter van Eyck and Martha Hyer. Dieterle's next after that will be *Geliebte der grossen Baerin* (*Lover of the Great Bear*).

Veteran director Fritz Lang, who returned to German films in 1958 with *Der Tiger von Eschnapur* and *Das indische Grabmal*, is to make *Die Rückkehr des Dr. Mabuse* (*The Return of Dr. Mabuse*).

Young Players

As in the United States, attention has been paid to the development of young players, although to an even greater degree. At present the larger proportion of the box-office stars are under 30, whereas in America they are over 40, although O. W. Fischer, Heinz Rühmann and Curd Jürgens retain their popularity. Producers are not reluctant to give leading roles to newcomers whose names mean nothing at the box-office. Films such as *Die Halbstarken*, *Die Fruhreifen* and *Star of Africa* were tremendous box-office successes with no established names in them. They relief entirely on the story and the ability of the young players. The success of these films has also led to successful careers for the players in them: Horst Buchholz, Christian Doerner and Karin Baal in *Die Halbstarken*; Christian Wolff, Peter Kraus, Sabine Sinjen, Heidi Brühl in *Die Fruhreifen*; and Hansjorg Felmy, Horst Frank, Joachim Hansen in *Star of Africa*.

Hansjorg Felmy, 28, won the Bambi prize as being the most promising actor of last year. He has made ten films in about two years. In his first two roles he wore uniform: as a German air force pilot in *Star of Africa* and in naval uniform for *Haie und kleine Fische*. His first really impressive performance was in *Wir Wunderkinder*. Since then he has made *Unruhige Nacht*, *Der Mann, der sich verkaufte*, *Menschen im Netz* and *Die Buddenbrooks*.

Newcomer

The Bambi prize for the most promising actress of last year went to 17 year-old Sabine Sinjen, who made her debut in *Die Fruhreifen*. She also had parts in the new *Madchen in Uniform*, *Schmutzige Engel* and *Mar.li*. Her first starring role was in *Stefanie*, a comedy about a 'teenager ripening into womanhood'. Her partner in this was Carlos Thompson. She has recently been undergoing a course of acting at the Dramatic School of Art in Berlin, and is currently making *Alt-Heidelberg* with Christian Wolff.

Christian Wolff (21) received his first big role in *Anders al Du und ich* (*The Third Sex*) since when he has been filming almost continually. Five of his roles have been in films dealing with youth problems.

Marion Michael (20) made her debut on the Berlin stage at the age of ten. In 1956 she was engaged for the title role in *Liane — das Madchen aus dem Urwald* and then *Liane, die weisse-Sklavin*. Neither of these roles, though, called for much acting ability. Her first dramatic film was with Hans Albers, *Der tolle Bomberg*, followed by *Es war die erste Liebe* with Christian Wolff.

Horst Frank (30) studied at the Academy of Music and Dramatic Art in Hamburg, and had to earn his living by being a night-watchman among other jobs. He made his film debut in *Star of Africa*, and since has had leading roles in *Haie und kleine Fische*, *Das Madchen vom Moorhof*, *Das Madchen Rosemarie* and *Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben*.

Johanna von Koczian (25) was chosen to

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Mine of Talent

By GINETTE BILLARD

THE Grand Prix of the Fifth International Tours Festival for short films has been awarded to *We Are The Lambeth Boys*, the British film made by Karel Reisz.

The British have sometimes complained that they were getting few awards in Festivals here. This year, following the success of *Room At The Top* at Cannes, it is a British film which is the main winner at Tours. It must be truthfully added that this decision was met by violent protests, boos and all kinds of noises from the mainly local audience who perhaps resented being shown what so closely resembles their own daily life. The Parisian part of the audience, critics and professionals felt that although it was very interesting this essay might have been of considerably greater value had it been shortened.

Jules Romains, president of the Jury, faced a storm of protest when announcing the verdict of the Jury. A member of the French Academy, and a dignified novelist of the old school, gossip said, had also had some trouble with the rest of the Jury which included much younger people, some of them too anti-conformist to get along with him. American actress Betsy Blair, who very bravely came to defend the choice of the Jury before an hostile public, finally calmed Marguerite Duras, author of the much discussed commentary of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, Claude Mauriac, recent winner of a literary prize, and many others.

Other prizes went to *The Day Manolete Died*, an American film by Barnaby Conrad which succeeds in the incredible task of bringing to life the last day of torero Manolete's life by using only stills and photographs. And *Les Hommes Oublies* (*Forgotten Men*), a documentary made by Jacques Vuilleminot and Yannick Bellon on the aborigines who live in Australia. Yannick Bellon's previous film *Goemos* (*Sea-Weeds*) certainly taught us more on the life of the Breton fishermen than this does on lost tribes who live the life of our forefathers of the Stone Age during this, the atomic age. It left us with a sense of disappointment perhaps for lack of having found the real compromise between the purely ethnographical film and the commercial documentary.

Societies' Choice

The International Federation of Film Societies Award was granted to *Time Out of War*, a remarkable American film about the personal truce of three soldiers during the American Civil War; which received an award at Venice several years ago.

The Critics' Award went to *Monsieur Tete* (*Mr. Head*), a delightful animated film about a man who cannot govern his head which results in him getting into all sorts of mischief. The film was made in France by Polish director Jan Lenica, who won the Prize for Experimental Films in Brussels last year for his film *Dom* (*The House*).

As a rule, the animated film was the great loser this year in Tours; it would seem that you should not see too many animated films at one time, and also that shortness is the greatest quality for an animated film. As usual at Tours the greatest success—in the showing reserved to animation—went to publicity films lasting one to two minutes, which came from England, France, Italy and the U.S. Two British animated films were noted: *The Cultivated Ape* by John Halas, an old time favourite of Tours habitués, and *The Story of The Motor Car Engine* by Dick Williams, a very witty film which to the surprise of many car driving people finally made us understand how the engine in our car works, a result which only an animated film apparently could achieve.

The Eastern European countries have, through five Tours Festivals, won a solid reputation of mastership in animation and

A FILMS AND FILMING Special Report

TOP AWARD: *A top at Tours went to Monsieur Tete: about a man who cannot govern his head, which leads him into all sorts of trouble*



puppet films. Have we become more blasés? The fact is that Yugoslavia's, Czechoslovakia's and Rumania's envoys may have retained the invention, charm and freshness that attracted our admiration, but they gave the feeling that they needed new blood or new invention.

The same can be said of Canada's Norman McLaren whose two films *Short and Suite* and *Serenal*, if they have the same qualities as his films which awoke our enthusiasm in the past years, do not seem to display much that is new.

In all the level this year, it was agreed, was lower than last year, when the French school led by Agnès Varda and Chris Marker proved to be brilliant and witty, too witty perhaps, leading the French school of short film into a dead end.

Two French films were outstanding but neglected by the Jury: *La Fin d'un Desert* (*The End of a Desert*) by Robert Menegoz, who made a remarkable document on China several years ago, *Behind the Great Wall of China*. He has a remarkable sense of the image, of colour and of movement. He brought us an excellent renovation on the document of oil which is a fascinating epic of the life in this new frontier of the oil diggers in French Sahara.

A tribute to the French poet Robert Desnos by beginner Jean Barral, called *La Belle Saison Est Proche* (*The Fair Season is Near*), was about the last verses of hope which the poet sent to his wife from the concentration camp in which he was soon to die. It is a moving tribute paid to friendship fifteen years later by Pierre Prévert, Jacques Prévert, Henri Jeanson, Andre Breton, Pope of the Surrealists, Mouloudji, etc. It is also the most sincere film we have seen. With no filmed documents, very few photographs, and little to start with, Jean Barral has achieved a model film on the poet.

Heart Operation

Other noted films included *Diagnosis Civ*, a fascinating and extremely discreet report on an "open heart" operation, made by Henri Fabiani who, several years ago, made a film on painless childbirth.

The American documentary *All My Babies*, made for the midwives who operate in Negro districts of Georgia, belonged to exactly the opposite conception of film making. We were spared little, and people were fainting by the dozen during the showing. A little over-realistic it is a surprising discovery for us of

living conditions in the poorer Negro classes in Southern Georgia. In fact there seemed to be no fewer flies in the life of the Australian aborigines of *Les Hommes Oublies* than in the lives of the heroes of the American film. The squalor, dirt and poverty of surroundings being naturally worse in the second case.

In short, if we had the feeling that the films presented this year were not of the same quality as those of previous years—that perhaps we have been shown too many films (72 in three days!)—the common characteristic of the short film of 1959 seems to be that . . . it is not short enough.

But there is certainly an unlimited mine of talent in the field of short films which we would not know but for Tours and which have been patiently unearthed for us through the years. For this we must certainly be thankful to the Tours Festival of short films.

from Takova Laska in

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE Barrandov Studios have produced a number of films dealing with the life of present-day youth. Each of these films has a different character, each was inspired by a different section of life of young people. Director Delong's film *Villa in the Suburbs*, and director Cech's film, *The First and the Last*, concern themselves with the perennial antagonism between youth and age.

Dreams on Sundays, directed by Vaclav Gajer, deals with the responsibility of young people to themselves, to their work and to society. A similar problem, presented in comedy style, was handled by director Borivoj Zeman in the film *The Young Lady from the River Bank*.

A lyrical picture of young people experiencing the first thrills of love appeared in the film *Five out of a Million*, directed by Zbynek Brynych.

Three of these films about youth tackle the problem of juvenile delinquency. *The Road Back*, directed by Vaclav Gajer, tells the story of three youngsters who are bored by everyday life and rather than try to find their place in society seek adventure which ultimately leads them to commit a murder.

Director Blumenfeld's *Crossroads*, depicts the story of a boy who gets into conflict with the law as a result of the indifference of his

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surroundings and his own resignation to his fate. The film emphasizes the importance of the care of grown-ups in preventing these people from making another false step and in helping them to find their way back from the crossroads of life.

Director Jiri Krejčík's, *Condemned to Life* delves still deeper into this problem. The central figures are four boys and a girl of sixteen who are in open conflict with the law. The aim of the film is to show how these people waste the best years of their life before they realize that there is another kind of life and society who will receive and help them to the path of respectability.

The House at the Crossroads is Vlado Bahna's fifth full-length feature film. He made two films dealing with important social problems, *Untilled Fields* (1954) and *The Woman from the Hills* (1956), the first Slovak costume film, set in the 18th century, *The Last Witch* (1957) and a witty satire, *A Nobleman's Honour* in the same year.

Commenting on his new film, *The House at the Crossroads*, director Bahna says: "The aim of this film, which is based on the stage play by Czech dramatist Karel Stanislav, is to show the new code of morals of contemporary society, the moral sense of my present-day heroes.

"*The House at the Crossroads* is not a film about doctors or about abortion, as some might think. It concerns the conflicts arising in a medical milieu and shows how the heroes acquit themselves in contending with their problems.

"I focussed my attention on middle-class society in which the heroine of my film (Vlasta Fialova) has grown up and lives together with her sister Jana, who struggles hard to find her place in the new society. The bourgeois moral code is still very much alive, and the conduct of the remaining bourgeois society is anything but passive, as is revealed in my film story.

"Interesting is the character of Doctor Emilie Kortanova who, together with her father, represents the negative forces in contemporary life. Her attitude to the medical profession and her emotional attachment to Doctor Belan are selfish and cynical from the outset, for she looks only after her own interests. It is not until Emilie Kortanova loses Doctor Belan that she realizes how deeply rooted was her love for this honest physician. The loss of the man she loves is her punishment. She begins to see that her former way of thinking and living has led her away from the right path to the brink of disaster. Herein lies the tragedy of this woman who grew up in

NEW WAVE: Goffredo Lombardo, head of Titanus, is godfather to a series of Italian "new wave" productions, the first of which is *The Violent Summer* directed by Valerio Zurlini, who has been unable to make a film since his first highly acclaimed *The Girls of San Frediano*, from Pratolini's novel. *The Violent Summer*, which stars Eleonora Rossi Drago, is set in the fashionable Adriatic seaside resort of Riccione during the last summer of Fascism, 1943. Young people are sunbathing and making love as if it were just any ordinary summer, when suddenly Italy's tragedy catches up with them. For the leading role of the twenty-year-old boy who has an affair with a war widow (Rossi Drago), Zurlini, like other young Italian "new wave" directors, has had to look to France for his actor: Jean-Louis Trintignant (here seen, left). Behind Trintignant in the illustration is young Italian actor Raf Mattioli and on the right is Jacqueline Sassard, who is now an Italian star, recently winning new laurels from the critics for her performance in Zampa's *The Magistrate*. Photo: Titanus

an environment full of bourgeois hypocrisy and cynicism, an environment in which money is more important than anything else."

from Pierre Mille in

FRANCE

ONE of the pioneers of the French film industry, Abel Gance, at seventy years of age, is launching into the production of one of the biggest films of the year.

Austerlitz, to be filmed in Yugoslavia, is a lavish screen work, with an international cast, and is a fitting choice by a man who has been responsible for some of France's most outstanding films.

Sadly, after his spectacular early years in films, beginning in 1911 with *La Digue* (*The Dam*), when he sometimes made as many as five big pictures in a year, (his successes include *J'Accuse*; *La Roue* (*The Wheel*); *Napoleon*, *The End of the World* and *Paradise Lost*), and paved the way for some of the most far-reaching technical developments in the industry, Abel Gance was not in demand. The scope of his productions demanded generous budgets, and between 1942 and 1959 he made only two films.

Now, he is working again, and on the kind of production he likes best. Spectacular, complicated and highly rewarding to direct.

Austerlitz will have a startlingly accurate reconstruction of the background leading up to the battle itself, and Gance has engaged an international cast for many of the important parts. Already signed are Jean Marais, Martine Carole, Vittorio De Sica, Jack Palance, Leslie Caron, Lilli Palmer, Pierre Mondy and many other leading names.

Although Abel Gance wants to show the clash and conflict in personalities and human relationships at the time of the great battle, the spectacle of the battlefield itself will be far from forgotten. For these mammoth sequences Gance has engaged an expert—Groza

who organised the battle scenes in *War and Peace* and *Helen of Troy*. With a team of twelve, he will follow in Napoleon's footsteps—deploying the troops and planning the battle—but to help him there will be about six miles of electric cable, smoke bombs, a machine to manufacture fog (historical fact: Austerlitz was fought in a thick pea soup); and 2,000 men, picked from among Yugoslavia's crack horsemen.

Tall, silver-haired Laslo Benedek, Hungarian by birth, international by inclination, is to make a film in France—*Recours en Grace* (*Appeal for Pardon*). Probably his greatest success in that country was *The Wild Ones*, the controversial Marlon Brando, teenage gang drama which was seen only in selected cinemas in Britain, following censorship problems.

Return to Screen

Recours en Grace stars one of France's leading actresses, Annie Girardot, who makes her return to the screen after an absence of some length. Reason is that she refuses to combine films and stage work, and she has been appearing in a long-running play. Co-starred with her are Emmanuele Riva and Raf Vallone, and the story, a psychological thriller, is set in the Italian quarter of Paris.

Rather than go into lengthy discussions of the progress made by young directors of the 'Nouvelle Vague', I have compiled a brief survey of their activities.

Production completed: at present in music dubbing stage.

Suzanne et les Roses: Director: Philippe de Broca, 27; Stars: G. Cluny. The story of a young girl determined to have a baby. Completed end of November.

On N'enterre pas le Dimanche (*We Don't Bury on Sundays*). Director: Michael Drach, 28. Drama of a Negro who falls in love with a Swedish girl. Completed: now in editing stage.

L'Amerique vue par un Francais (*America Seen by a Frenchman*). Director: Françoise Reichenbach, 30. Feature length documentary; Production started at the beginning of the year. Now in editing stage.

Le Grand Secret (*The Great Secret*). Director: Gerald Calderon, 29. A feature length documentary on the mysteries of life. Production started in March last year; as with most documentaries, production is always slower than on normal features.

Le Cercle Vicieux (*The Vicious Circle*). Director: Max Pécas, 32. Stars: Claude Titre; Claude Farrell. Thriller, production started at the end of September.

Les Lionceaux (*The Lion Cubs*). Director: Jacques Bourdon, 34. Stars: Jean Sorel, Anna Gaylor; Michele Grellier. Dramatic comedy, in course of production.

Les Petits Chats (*The Kittens*). Director: Jacques R. Villa, 32. Comedy, set in a group of little girls. Production started at the end of October.

Suspense Drama

La Corde Raide (*The Tightrope*). Director: Jean-Charles Dudrumet, 30. Stars: François Perier; Annie Girardot. Suspense drama, begun on September 21st, now in course of production.

Pantalaskas: Director: Paul Paviot, 34. Story of a big foreigner, saved from a lonely suicide in Paris by four ordinary men. Started in June, now completed production.

Mon Pote le Gitan (*My Pal the Gypsy*). Director: François Gir, 40. Completed: ready for release.

Le Travail C'est la Liberte (*Work Is Freedom*). Director: Louis Grosperre, 33. Stars: Raymond Devos; Gerard Séty; Sammy Frey. Off beat story of three convicts; in the editing stage.

Le Huitieme Jour (*The Eighth Day*). Director: Marcel Hanoun, 29. Stars: Emmanuele Riva; Felix Marten. Sensitive story of two people who meet and fall in love, when neither are as young, good looking or assured as they

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would like to be. Almost ready for release.

La Ligne de Mire (Line of Fire). Director: Jean-Daniel Pollet, 23. This production was started in December, 1958, and is the focal point of many of the criticisms levelled at the unprofessional methods of the "Nouvelle Vague". In fact, Pollet installed his small unit in a country house lent by a friend, and went to work without a rigid working plan or shooting schedule. If a scene did not satisfy him one way, he shot it another way, until he got what he wanted. He was working to a documentary technique, and chose this method of production to achieve the results he was looking for. The film is now virtually complete.

So here is the general picture; the "Nouvelle Vague" is very much alive, and is producing some interesting and worthwhile films—and when all is said and done, the existence of the young new boys is not stopping the "old hands" from carrying on with their work.

from Francisco Aranó in

SPAIN

THE Spanish film industry is evidently growing in importance. Some 70 movies are now made in this country per year. Their technical and "commercial" quality is quickly approaching that of the world leading producers. Film business is considered safe. Our films are beginning to be favourites of the natives (especially those starring Sarita Montiel!) and a few also have a good career in foreign countries.

However, our hopes for a dignified cinema with distinctive national personality are not yet satisfied. In fact, the auspicious movement initiated in 1953, when Spanish films began to attract world attention, seems to be now sterilized through financial, censorship and other handicaps. *Sonatas*, Bardem's recent attempt at international super-production, was not only disastrous in the Venice Festival, but also in the Spanish cinemas. Berlanga, our finest film director, has been inactive for three years. He is feared by the producers, due to the complications caused by his preceding films. He has worked recently only in a short television "sketches film, a delightful piece indeed, with a theme similar to that of the Italian burlesque *I Soliti Ignoti*. This film will have soon its premiere on the TV oval screens.

More than half of the films shot in Spain are co-productions. Most of them absorb big capitals and the result is luxurious dullness. Hollywood producers come frequently with their specialists and stars to shoot here. They prefer Spain because of our good weather, cheap material and salaries, as well as skilled technicians and rather well equipped studios; it is said, for instance, that part of Hollywood's gargantuan *Cleopatra* (with Elizabeth Taylor) will be made here. Walt Disney is shooting on locations a long film about Spanish dances.

Official Propaganda

The film directors of the "forties" are completely committed with commercialism and official propaganda. Those who came afterwards, but before 1953, were considered better. They were excellent technicians and were called (imitating the Italian critics vocabulary) "calligraphists". Their films were mostly either anti-communist melodramas or thrillers. In general, they are now well established and they choose interesting themes; but the resulting films are academical. A typical example is the adaptation of the famous "picaresque novel" *El Lazarillo de Tormes*, a jewel of XVIIth century literature, scripted and made by the clever film director Cesar Ardavin, which had its premiere in November. A serious approach to the subject, a wonderful quality in photography, framing and choice of exteriors in Toledo and Salamanca, do not save it from a irritating cold 'pompiersm'.

Fortunately it seems that a new generation



NOVEL IDEA: A new Spanish film, *El Lazarillo de Tormes*, is an adaptation by its director, Cesar Ardavin from an XVII century novel.

is erupting on our sets. Fernan-Gomez, a good actor, has won praise as author-director with two comedies analysing the behaviour of young married people of our urban middle class (*La Vida Por Delante* and *La Vida Alrededor*). Carlos Laura, a brilliant documentarist, has turned to long films with *Les Golfos (The Bad Boys)*, which certainly will have a "new look" in our production's panorama: it is a cheap film with new, young actors, studying problems of the adolescents in Madrid. I hope it will not look too much like a French "nouvelle vague" work!

Possibly the most interesting personality is Marco Ferreri. His *El Pisito (The Little Flat)* was without doubt Spain's best film of the past year. Its story, apparently simple, was built up into one of the most baroque and depressing humour films I have ever seen; in fact, British "black humour" seems children's play in comparison with it.

In order to be able to marry, a couple is in search for a flat. It is impossible to find one in Madrid for a reasonable rent. They finally decide that the man will marry an old woman who owns one and the couple will marry as

soon as she dies. They do it. The old lady dies. They move in. That's all. But the script of Ferrer and the excellent writer Rafael Azcona explores every possibility of the situations. The lovers' mediocre life, their job at the office, their economical problems, their environment, are dissected with an almost sadistical skill. The heroes themselves are embittered and, although they presumably were good and more or less good-looking in other times, they are now tired, egoistical, calculating, ugly and probably no longer in love with each other. ("Have you taken the trouble of re-appreciating my body?" asks the old maid to her fiance during a picnic—"Does it not look like a German sausage?"). As for the old lady, she was an actress actually over 80 years old and died just after finishing her role. She seems to emerge from a Kafka book and in comparison with her, the Swedish delightful character actress Harriet Anderson could be a Hollywood bathing-beauty. ("Come on, my children, cheer up"—she says to the 'boy' and 'girl' during her wedding banquet with the boy—"don't forget all this silver service will be yours as soon as I die"). When she arrives at her much desired end, her coffin is carried through fantastically decrepit Madrid streets, followed by the happy couple and various children eating sandwiches and screaming "hurrahs".

Eliminated Sequence

The final sequence was eliminated by Censorship. When they install themselves at home they found out that their need for a flat was not *all* they wanted to be happily married. It was a "mythical" object of hope. They cannot be happy anyway because *everything* is wrong!

This savage satire was filmed with such a peculiar taste for ugliness, mediocrity and filth that not even the most pessimistic audiences could say that the film is "neo-realistic", or "realistic". Indeed Azcona's gaze at Spain is deliberately desperate and it is not quite his, but part of a literary movement which was initiated by writers like Camilo Cela, an "awakening of the national conscience".

Azcona is now Spain's most wanted script-writer. He has finished a script with Berlanga about the Civil War, which has not yet been accepted by the censorship. Ferreri is now finishing *Los Chicos*, a comedy, and will next make another work with Azcona, *El Cochecito*, full of "ambiance" details.

NEXT MONTH



LOOK FOR BRADFORD DILLMAN, JULIETTE GRECO, ORSON WELLES

in Richard Fleischer's *Crack in the Mirror*, on the sky blue cover of the March FILMS AND FILMING, on sale February 15. And inside: A New Look at Screen Humour, with a contribution from Peter Sellers and a recorded debate between Ted Ray, Bernard Braden and Spike Milligan; *The Sea and Me*, by writer Hammond Innes; *Return of Truth* (Spanish documentary) by Francisco Aranó; *Critical Self-Portrait No. 10* by Gordon Gow (B.B.C.); an outline of Japanese Cinema by Alan Stanbrook; and the final part of John Howard Reid's monograph of director William Wyler. Plus! A magnificent picture section Preview of six Hollywood musicals, a profile of the controversial Polish film-maker, Andrzej Wajda, new films reviewed, reports from the world production centres and all the regular features.



DEAD END KIDS: (l. to r.) Bobby Jordan, Robert Halop, Huntly Hall, Gabriel Dell and Leo Gorcey appeared in *Dead End* (1937), story of an era in New York where slum houses and luxurious apartments meet. Photo: National Film Archive

WYLER—from page 10

the crash as it was shown to be on the stage; whereas a simple triangle is not enough to explain a whole picture, causing not only many of the difficulties to seem artificial, but some attitudes squeamish and silly.

Moreover, there is a discrepancy between the play's more or less work-a-day parts and the glamour of the ladies who fill them—Miriam Hopkins and particularly Merle Oberon. The acting of Bonita Granville as Mary and of Marcia Mae Jones as Rosalie, was the best thing in the film. I don't say I like either for they are unpleasant girls in an unpleasant and indeed incredible school, but one cannot withhold admiration.

Plays or pictures based on the hysteria or mendacity of scholars who ought to be at Reformatory, can be very distasteful, and *These Three*, which starts gaily enough, becomes almost wantonly depressing as we see each of the principals, and the young doctor who loves one and is loved by the other, dragged down by slander. But, if I except the box-on-the-ears delivered by Mary's vengeful nurse, nothing is done by anyone except Mary and Rosalie that we can believe. Who it was that provided the money to convert the farmhouse into a high-class educational establishment for the daughters of New England gentlemen, was never made clear to me, and I doubt if it ever could have been; but a place had to be provided for Merle Oberon to be engaged in, for Miriam Hopkins to be jealous in, and for Joel McCrea to be long, handsome and "rangy" in; and for Mary to spread the poison of her false witness.

Cramped Background

The result is a concoction that has been mixed, I thought, a little too cheaply; the background has been cramped and the shots are not too clear, so that people and furniture are sometimes hardly to be distinguished; and of the leading trio one can get very tired. It is therefore a relief when Joel McCrea, having retired from his New England hospital ward to a clinic in Vienna, was at last identified through an eating-house window by a forgiving and understanding—oh, so beautifully understanding—Merle Oberon, and the curtain kiss (seen in reflection on the faces of other Viennese diners) set in with its more than usual intensity.

Continuing his association with Goldwyn, Wyler next directed *Dodsworth* (1936), Sidney Howard's adaptation of his drama based on the novel by Sinclair Lewis. The first thing to say about the film is that it is very finely played, principally by Ruth Chatterton in her first non-saccharine role, as Fran Dodsworth. To see this deluded creature, not in her first youth, balancing the joys of flirtation with—in her case—its necessary perils, is to taste more reality than the cinema is wont to offer. We disapprove of her, of course, and long for Dodsworth to get his freedom, and yet, such is Miss Chatterton's artistry, our sympathy is never wholly forfeited. As for Walter Huston, he is convincing too, but with less dexterity, for Dodsworth is a rough diamond, and rough diamonds are seldom complex. Mary Astor, in the role of an interloper, is beautiful, and shows only fleeting signs of the strain she was under when the film was made. An interesting anti-Fascist touch is that the luxury liner used in the stage play is the *Bremen*, whereas in the film it is the *Queen Mary*.

First Experience

It was in *Dodsworth* that Wyler began his first experiments with "business": Dialogues were played more often than not in front of an open window, where the eye was beguiled with the busy, but generally irrelevant, movement in the distance.

Wyler's next assignment for Goldwyn was to direct the

last part of Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It!* (1936), since the film's first director, Howard Hawks, had walked off the set. Against a background first of lumber camps and small-town saloons, and later early 20th-century urban plutocracy, this extraordinary warm and lively picture dealt with one of the few romantic aspects of the U.S. the cinema, up till that time, had neglected.

Come and Get It! was budgeted by the expansive Mr. Goldwyn at 1,000,000 dollars. It cost 25 per cent more. Part of the increase was caused by delay when Hawks quit, after differences of opinion with Goldwyn. Part was caused by stunt director Richard Rosson's discovery, when he went to the north woods to photograph lumberjacks riding falling trees and breaking log jams, that these daring practices, familiar to preceding generations of lumberjacks, are scorned by contemporaries as unsophisticated generosity to their employers. He had to return to Hollywood to recruit a crew of fake lumberjacks to do what real lumberjacks are supposed to do.

Included in the uproar concerning production of *Come and Get It!* was the story which billed actress Andrea Leeds as Hollywood's "kiss champion" after she had spent more than nine hours kissing three young actors to test their ability to play the role of her fiancée in the film. The winner was tall, tennis-playing Francis Xavier Shields. In the course of the picture, he and actress Leeds kiss neither each other nor anyone else.

Most Manhattan streets come to a dead end at the East River. This, and the fact that often on Manhattan's East Side only a course of masonry separates the triplex apartments of the rich from the cold-water flats of the poor, were all that playwright Sidney Kingsley needed to write one of the most successful plays of the 1935 Broadway season. A large measure of its success was due to Norman Bel Geddes's super-realistic set and to the children Messrs. Geddes and Kingsley cast as the gang.

Producer Sam Goldwyn, for all Hollywood's physical resources and the more elastic dimensions of the screen, has not improved on the single set designer Geddes squeezed into the little old Belasco Theatre stage. Even so, the garbage-laden, oil-scummed realism of *Dead End*'s East River is only visual; actually the garbage was fresh, the refuse sterilised daily.

Squalid Slum

The film is most notable for its opening shot; the camera sinking from the swank roof of a New York tenement to the depths of a squalid slum. (This is repeated in reverse at the conclusion) The evocation of atmosphere is splendidly achieved, not only by the realism of Geddes's set, not only by the drab greys, half tones and deep shadows of Toland's photography, but by Wyler's use of natural sound and his control of the acting. Music is used sparingly but pointedly; the player-piano as Claire Trevor trudges up the street, the dance music floating down from the high balcony of the hotel.

After *Dead End* Wyler did a stint at Warner Brothers, producing and directing *Jezebel* (1938), a forerunner of *Gone With The Wind*, which endeavoured not only to cash in on *Gone With The Wind*'s pre-production publicity, but to proffer director Wyler and star Davis as candidates for *Gone With The Wind* election. In this respect however, they were both to be disappointed. Selznick had already appointed George Cukor to direct, and George was determined that no matter who played Scarlett, it wouldn't be Bette Davis.

At the time of its release, *Jezebel* was strongly recom-

mended by Warner Brothers because it was the result of "even more than the usual amount of research increasing necessary in present-day motion picture production." When some-one discovered that Louisiana people in 1852 slept on box springs and looked at their clocks through glass domes, and that the floors they walked on were made of cypress wood against the dampness—also that the chairs and tables had feet of brass or glass so that their legs would not rot from said dampness,—the brothers Warner set a staff of experts to checking these details and reproducing them, "making the film an authentic picture of life in the gay metropolis just before the Civil War."

Wasted Effort

I am sorry to report that the effort was wasted on me. I didn't lift the covers from a single bed and poke the mattress, I remember no clocks at all, if the floors were cypress they could equally well have been grained concrete, and I was at no time watching a table to see how it set its feet down on glass balls,—I didn't even know about the balls, until I read my programme going home.

I was interest in the hero when he lay on a bed, dying of yellow fever. The conversation at dinner was worth listening to; but the bed could have been any bed, and I thought the table rather overloaded with expensive goblets, just as I found the whole of this New Orleans to be a period museum, with actors tiptoeing through it lest they show disrespect for the labour spent upon assembling its contents.

Authentic? Who cares? Increasingly necessary research? Who thinks it necessary? Especially when the final effect is of a film glazed out of all resemblance to mankind's original clay. Hollywood has erred in this direction so long that it is depressing to hear of an increasing necessity to magnify the error.

It is a special pity in the present case, because *Jezebel* has many virtues of the kind that count. Bette Davis as the spoiled belle does some of her best acting, and that means good acting. George Brent as the hot-headed gentlemen of honour cuts an excellent figure. And the story is permitted to drive towards its natural conclusion with no false stops, or starts. Especially memorable, is the sequence in which Davis scandalises the Old South with her scarlet dress.

B. to B.—from page 8

also led astray by the will-o'-the-wisp vision of obtaining a large slice of the American market. Whenever this has happened to foreign picture producers, the results have been catastrophic. In its own field of highly polished, mass audience, no one can out-Hollywood Hollywood. Only when movies of their native countries, when they speak in terms and characterizations indigenous to their own way of life—in French films like Pagnol's, for instance, or Italian like De Sica's or English like the Guinness comedies have they consistently proved profitable to their makers or exercised a profound influence on American tastes and American picture making.

As Germany's prestige waned, Russian films soared like premature satellites into world-wide eminence. Never before had we seen any pictures in America like these. They were revolutionary not only in subject matter, but in their whole approach to picture-making. Unlike the German films, they were not studio produced but shot in the streets, forests, factories, and public buildings. They were acted not by trained performers but by peasants, workers, and soldiers. Above all, their purpose was not so much to entertain as to instruct and propagandize. In the words of Lenin: "Of all the arts, the cinema is the most important for us."

Teachings of The Master

His disciples applied the teachings of the master not only to the production of films but also to their distribution. A special agency, Amkino, was set up in the United States to see that they were widely shown and at first they were hailed enthusiastically not only by fellow travellers but by intellectuals and all who appreciated fine movie-making. Indeed, Pudovkin's *End of St. Petersburg* in 1927 played the Roxy, then America's largest theatre. As time went on, however, the necessity for authors and producers to conform with whatever political dogma temporarily was in power in the Kremlin slowly undermined the vitality and imagination of the early Russian pictures. Today they are patronized only by a dwindling band of the faithful. Under the terms, however, of the recently concluded United States-Soviet film pact we will soon have an opportunity to see some more recent, highly acclaimed Russian films such as *The Cranes Are Flying*, *And Quiet Flows the Don*, *Othello* and *Don Quixote*. In return, some American films—*Man of a Thousand Faces*, *Helen of Troy*, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *A Farewell to Arms* and others of equally varying merit—are to be distributed behind the apparently less-than-Iron Curtain.

In the 1930s, my partner, Joseph Burstyn, and I found that our best source of material differing markedly from American productions—our guiding aim—came from France. We and our competitors imported such superb attractions as *Carnival in Flanders*, *The Grand Illusion*, *The Baker's Wife* and *Marius* with a maximum of critical approval and a minimum of public support. I am not intimating for one moment that these pictures or many others I could mention are superior to the best produced in the United States, or even that the general level of European production is superior to ours. We looked at hundreds of films, spending long days in dreary projection rooms in an effort to cull out a chosen few that we considered worthy of being shown on American screens. These were primarily the work of independent producers, who kept alive the movie equivalent of handwork in a mass production era when most of the American studios

were turning out approximately fifty pictures annually, turning them out, as Rossellini once put it with pardonable exaggeration, "like sausage factories." With care and pride these craftsmen designed their films not for the lowest common denominator of intelligence but for the attention of mature men and women. They despised formula and cheap theatricalism and sought to enlist the services of distinguished authors, directors, and legitimate theatre performers. As a consequence their more successful efforts, because of their warm humanity and sensitivity, came to be identified in America half-admiringly, half-disparagingly as "foreign art pictures."

Italian Comeback

Italy in particular staged a marvellous come-back immediately at the close of World War II. It was my privilege to be in Rome only a few days after our GIs entered the city. Two young Americans persuaded me to take time out to look at a picture that had been made by a previously insignificant Italian director, Roberto Rossellini, for a few thousand lira out of any scraps of film raw stock that he could lay his hands on. It had been shot dangerously from concealed spots in courtyards, streets, and taxis while the war was approaching its end. I screened it reluctantly, as Italian films in the early years of the Mussolini era had become known to us as "white telephone pictures" because of their exclusive preoccupation with the virginally decorated boudoirs of their less-than-virginal heroines. I can still recall how indifference was transformed into excitement and how, in spite of the clammy cold of the half-bombed old palace where I watched *Open City* for the first time, I had an almost unbearable sense of intimate participation in what was taking place on the screen. No sooner was I out of the palace than I managed to circumvent Army brass and get a cable through to Burstin. When a few months later he obtained a print, he was as deeply impressed as I and proceeded to handle the film's American distribution with his customary monomaniacal absorption. It proved the first great foreign success since the coming of sound, grossly the incredible sum, at least for those days, of 1,000,000 dollars.

We followed it up with an equally sensational Rossellini attraction, *Paisan*, an episodic picture in a pre-Maugham era when episodic pictures were regarded as smallpox at the box office. In 1949 we brought a third great Italian film to America, De Sica's *Bicycle Thieves*, which, although it contained no hint of indecency or sadism, was because of its uncompromising honesty and candor condemned by the Legion of Decency and refused the Motion Picture Association Code Seal.

It should in fairness be remarked that the Italians were equally unappreciative of this saga of the vicissitudes of an unemployed man and his little boy. I narrowly escaped not even screening it. My advisers in Rome said: "Don't waste your time. It's a depressing story about a stupid workman whose family starves because his bike is stolen. All he had to do was to rent another bicycle for a few lira and he could have held onto his job."

Actually—and this is one of the things that makes film importing both so engrossing and so hazardous—there is no apparent correlation between success in the European market and in the American. Most of the so-called neo-realist pictures—*Shoeshine*, *To Live in Peace*, *Miracle in Milan*—did very badly in Italy. "Our people," Rossellini once said, "have had their stomachful of trouble. Now they want to be happy. They want to see Betty Grable."

Large Guarantees

The zealous importers who paid large guarantees to bring smash European success such as *The Little World of Don Camillo*, *The Wages of Fear* and *Versailles* to the United States, suffered heavy losses. For a variety of reasons quite clear only to year-end quarterbacks, none of them proved popular in the United States. On the other hand, the outstanding foreign hits of the past few years before *And God Created Woman* (and lots of other troubles for film importers) were *Gate of Hell*, an unforgettable Japanese picture that intermingled an ancient aesthetic tradition with the last word in modern film technique and colour; *Diabolique* and *Rififi*, two hair-raising melodramas as good as anything Hollywood ever devised in the chiller-diller department; *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*, a charming Gallic comedy, and *La Strada*, a stylized, tragic Italian portrayal of a simple-minded girl clown.

What principles of popularity can be deduced from a group of favourites having so little in common? What roles can be postulated to explain what the public wants and what it rejects?

Obviously there is not "a public," but many publics. There is an audience for the synthetic horror films with which the Japanese are flooding the domestic market. There is enough public acceptance to make the so-called Italian "historicals" such as *Attila* and *Hercules* as profitable as they are spurious. There is a public, at least in New York and a few other metropolitan centres, for a deeply compassionate, human document like the French *He Who Must Die*. Thus far the reception of a genuine cinematic masterpiece, the Indian *Aparajito*, much as of the Danish *Ordet* last season makes a mockery of those who proclaim a rising tide of movie appreciation. On the other hand, Miss Bardot's kittenish charms even in second-rate vehicles such as *Love Is My Profession* continue to be (for foreign language films) first-rate box-office.

Under these circumstances it is not too surprising that film importers and art-house operators tend to regard well-proportioned young women with more favour than well-performed, well-constructed pictures. For this preference some good people find fault with them, but personally I am more inclined to find fault with the good people. As long as I can remember, they have made a practice of paying lip service to fine films, but rarely of paying admission.

Reprinted from *The Saturday Review*.

February, 1960



RIPENING: Laurent Terzieff and Danielle Gaubert are the two lovers in this scene from Raoul Levy's *Les Regates de San-Francisco*, which deals with the transition from childhood to adolescence. It will be released in England by Columbia under the title of *End of Innocence*.

Photo: Columbia

GERMANY—from page 28

play opposite Mario Lanza in *For The First Time*. She made her debut in *Viktor und Viktoria* in 1957, and last year played in *Petersburger Nächte* and Kurt Hoffmann's *Wir Wunderkinder*, for the latter role she received the German Critics' Prize for the best actress of the year.

Joachim Hansen (28) worked as a platelayer in a mine after matriculating. He eventually managed to become an interpreter and joined the Reinhardt Dramatic School of Art. He was discovered by Alfred Weidenmann and given the leading role in *Star of Africa*. Since then his films have included *Madeleine und der Legionar*, *Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben* and *Und ewig singen die Walder*.

Corny Collins (21) started as an assistant to a stage physician. Her career as an actress began with Axel von Ambesser. She played in five films before getting the leading role in *Schmutziger Engel* (*Dirty Angel*) opposite Peter van Eyck, which she followed up with roles in *Der Maulkorb*, *Verbrechen nach Schlußschluss* and *Freddy, die Gitarre und das Meer*.

Mario Adorf (29), son of a German surgeon, was a student at the famous Falckenberg School of Dramatic Acting. His first film was 08/15. His best films to date have been *Nacht, wenn der Teufel kam* (*The Devil Came At Night*), the Robert Siodmak film about Bruno Ludtke, the mass-murderer estimated to have committed over 80 crimes, *Das Mädchen Rosemarie* and *Das Totenschloß*. He is due to star opposite Curd Jürgens in *Die Schachnovelle*, and Hardy Krüger in *Bumerang*.

Barbara Frey (20) had had no previous acting experience before she was picked by Georg Tressler for *Endstation Liebe* in which she played opposite, and outacted, Horst Buchholz. Unfortunately the film did not do at all well at the box-office, but she is now playing a leading role in *und noch frech dazu*.

There are many more newcomers who show considerable promise, such as Matthias Fuchs (20) who has leading roles in *The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp*, *Die Buddenbrooks* and *Zweimal Adam*, einmal Eva, and his Angel co-star, Dunia Movar (who is to star in Kurt Hoffmann's *Stage Fright*). Rapidly becoming very popular, especially with the 'teenagers, are record stars Peter Kraus and Conny Froboese. Kraus, although he made his name as a singer, is also a very capable actor (I wish some of the English 'singers' were) and should go far, even though he is not popular with press writers.

The film industry in Germany has established several organisations to control itself, and also to encourage a higher standard in their films. The predominant one is the censorship body, Freiwillige Selbstkontrolle der deutschen Filmwirtschaft (German Council of Voluntary Censorship), which has jurisdiction over the films shown in the Federal Republic and West Berlin. It may forbid the exhibition of a film; order cuts; or limit the section of the public to whom the film can be shown. It is considered to be quite tolerant, as few films have been banned and the number of cuts imposed is much lower than the European average. The films that suffer most, are those which might have a dangerous political or religious effect on an audience.

Another important body is the Spitzenorganisation der Filmwirtschaft e. V. (SPIO) to whom films are submitted with a view to getting a reduction in entertainment tax. Admission taxes vary from state to state ranging from 15 per cent to 30 per cent, so SPIO awards a predicate to any films which it thinks is of value, which are classified under two headings: Recommended and Highly Recommended. A predicate enables a film to qualify for a tax

reduction, which may be quite considerable. Films which have been awarded a 'highly recommended' predicate include: *Canaris*, *Carmen Jones*, *Giant*, *Der Hauptmann von Köpenick*, *Himmel ohne Sterne*, *La Strada* and *Mariy*. 'Recommended' predicates went to films such as *Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Rebel Without a Cause*, *East of Eden*, *Die Fräulein*, *Gervais*, *Nasser Asphalt* and *Richard III*.

The film prizes awarded each year in Germany are of considerable importance. The four main ones are: 1. The Federal Film Prize—which is issued at the Berlin Festival by the West German Government for the best artistic achievement. 2. The Prize of the German Film Critics—which might be termed as being an equivalent of the American 'Oscar'. 3. The Bambi Prize—the public vote for its favourite actor and actress. 4. The Bambi Prize for Promising Newcomers—again voted by the public.

Television is beginning to become a menace to the cinema (now over 2,800,000 sets in W. Germany), although at the moment there is only one programme. Film business dropped by 8–12 per cent in 1958, and producers were worried as to what will happen if a flood of American films was suddenly made available for German TV. To try to combat the effect of television the German film-makers have formed a new association (the first of its kind in Europe) called Verwaltungsgesellschaft fuer Fernsehrichtung (Administrative Organisation for TV Rights), the idea being to collect the television rights on all German films, so that if television wants a film it must negotiate with this company, although it can, of course, hire any individual producer to make the picture. (A similar scheme operates in Britain). They will control the number of old films to be sold to television and also the year of release.

Film makers are putting a clause in the contracts of artists and technicians who earn over £3,000 for a film, to the effect that they are banned from appearing on television for a minimum of from between three and six months after the release of the picture.

Producer Kurt Ulrich has his own idea on the effects of television. "Surely, television is hurting the business. But everything has two sides" He says. "The advance of television makes our business more international. We're forced to operate on an international basis. That's to say we make our films with international stars and business partners. We haven't got the risk alone any longer. We share the risk. And, I think, that's also a good development."

Foreign producers are going to Germany to make their films. U.I.'s *A Time To Love*, and *a Time To Die* was shot entirely in Germany. Large parts of *The Young Lions*, *Fraulein*, and *For The First Time* were shot there. The Geiseltal studios were used by Kirk Douglas for both *Paths of Glory* and *The Vikings*. In fact, Germany is finding that not only are its stars becoming international but that the studios and technicians are working on foreign films. M.G.M. and CCC will make a number of co-productions, and M.G.M. has also agreed to distribute some of CCC films which it thinks have international appeal. Among Brauner's productions are *So Ist Mein Mann*, with the Italian-born German recording star Caterina Valente, *Sabine und die 100 Maenner* and *Alt-Heidelberg* as well as *Die Herrin der Welt*.

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in music and resulted in more people going to the opera and to concerts. But I am not in favour of film-makers using classical music, for instance, in the way that Walt Disney did in *Fantasia*, or the way in which Bizet's *Carmen* was turned into *Carmen Jones*. This does not help to increase the interest in good music as a whole but only serves to make those particular pieces of music more popular and easier for the public. Art shouldn't be easy. Neither the art of music, nor cinema, and in this sense I hope you allow me to say *au-revoir* and soon I hope to be working again in your wonderful country!

thirty-three



from Kobita Sarker in
INDIA

A SERIES of minor crises have compelled the industry into putting its house in order. The Raw Stock Control controversy has been settled at last and brought in its wake, a number of new changes. Now that it is available on a reasonable quota basis, many of the malpractices that crept in have ended. Social workers have again indicted the evil influences of the crime films which are very popular (and made producers seek other genres of expression, mainly the "musical"). The government has emphasised the need for exports and various plans are afoot to put this on a stable basis, while the distribution of raw stock (particularly in regard to colour film), is being based primarily on this consideration.

About 140 films had been completed and certified by the first half of 1959, but many others have been left in a state of suspension, because in addition to other difficulties during this period, producers have defaulted over payment. Television has been established on an experimental basis, and the cinema is now facing what is perhaps the biggest challenge of all.

For the first time the industry is being forced by external circumstances to abandon its reliance on traditional methods and to actively encourage newer ones. The Raw Stock Control having increased production costs, it was found that the smaller-budget pictures, with a relatively less sensational cast and production values, could be completed more easily and on schedule, and distributors rather than wait for the bigger, unfilled commitments, accepted these, and not all of them have been failures. In fact many of the bigger productions have proved a more dubious gamble. Finally, for the first time, a consistent effort has been made to encourage new talent, which is being exploited in major productions, though the established stars are still overworked with multiple commitments.

Two films from the commercial cinema, which are relatively well-made, sensitively handled and unusually treated, have not been as popular as expected. Guru Dutt's *Kagaz ke Phool* (*Paper Flowers*), the first Indian Cinemascope production, is a story about a director whose fortunes are on the wane, and his star discovery who is on the upgrade. It is technically a satisfying film, though perhaps the characterisation is a bit weak. K. A. Abbas' *Char Dil Char Rahen* (*The Four Faces of India*), with a script by Inder Raj Anand, (who also scripted Abbas' earlier film *The Lost One*, which was shown abroad a while ago), is somewhat episodic, but with a contemporary slant, and an all-star cast, including Meena Kumari, Raj Kapoor, Shammi Kapoor, (his brother), Nimmi (who played the second lead in *Aan*) and David, perhaps the finest character actor of our screen. It has also met with a mixed reception in the local market, but might interest a larger audience which prefers to see the more realistic facets of Indian life. (In fact it is now fairly obvious that if the central interest is fragmented in an Indian film, even a galaxy of star names cannot make it "popular". *Misafir*, a couple of years ago, based on the same principles was also unsuccessful).

There is also visible a general fusion of regional talents which is a very promising sign for the future, as it might eventually result in a more homogenous approach which is so important in the creation of a genuinely Indian cinema. Usually if a technician went from one province to another (financial considerations being the main inducement), he adapts his talent to suit the new surroundings. For instance, Bimal Roy, who began his career in Bengali films, now makes films in Hindi. Some of his

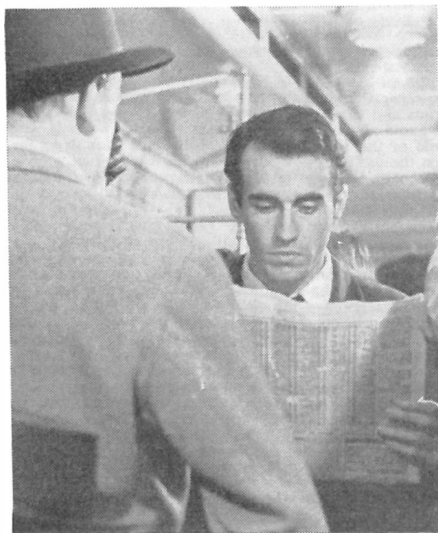
original predilections might subconsciously find their way into his films, but on the whole they have to be made in the standard manner demanded by the Hindi film-going audience.

Now, there is an effort to bring diverse talents together, and weave them into a story in such a way they do not have to be "adapted" but fit naturally into the framework in their original form. Thus, a dancer from South India (who has a specific style) can be used in a Bengali film, without having to change this style for the film, which however, continues to be in Bengali.

In Bengal the influence of Satyajit Ray on local film-making is beginning to be felt. The films from this region always tended to be less spectacular and more tasteful on the whole, than the Hindi films (lack of financial resources certainly has something to do with this), and has consistently shown an ability to turn out the modest film relatively well. Now there is a renewed effort at exploiting various facets of realism. The use of some of the better known writers (whose works are profoundly realistic in theme,) as source material for the movies, the desire to cut down costs, the prestige enjoyed by Ray's film, are all possible inducements to re-evaluate realism and interpret it sincerely in local terms.

Ray himself has started work on *Sati*, based on a story by the late Prabhat Mukerjee starring Soumitra Chatterjee and Sharmila Tagore (the stars of *Apur Sansar*). Chhabbi Biswas, the veteran Bengali actor, who was the star of Ray's earlier film *Jalsaghar* (*The Music Room*), and Karuna Banerjee who immortalised the mother in *Paicher Panchali*, are also in the cast.

Soumitra Chatterjee is also being starred in another Bengali film which promises a number of interesting innovations. Called *Kshudita Pashan* (based on the Tagore short story *Hungry Stones*), it is an ideal theme for a really sensitive director. It demands the fusion of genuine fantasy and patent realism and the easy graduation from one plane of plausible unreality to another of stark reality with an effortless ease, somewhat in the manner of Cocteau's *Orphée*. Tapan Sinha who has used the Tagore short story before in *Kabuliwallah*, is directing this film. The dialogue, in keeping with the spirit of the film is to be in Bengali, mainly, and also in Hindi—the franca of the country, and therefore easily understandable to an essentially Bengali film-going audience, as also perhaps to a wider one the country over. It is also proposed to have a couple of sequences in colour to heighten the



PICKPOCKET: Robert Bresson is making a new film. In it he stars the comparatively unknown Martin Lassalle. The title is simply, Pickpocket.

Photo: Unifrance



SLEEP: Danielle Darrieux and Jean-Claude Brialy share a bed in Denys de la Patelliere's *Les Yeux de l'Amour*.

DEVOTION: Serious moment from a film by Bruckberger (Bresson's scriptwriter) and Philippe Agostini, *Le Dialogue des Carmélites* with (left to right) Madeleine Renaud, Jeanne Moreau and Pascale Audret.

Photos: Unifrance

dramatic impact, instead of, as is generally the case with colour sequences in the Indian film, to emphasise the sensational element in order to increase its "popularity".

from Martin Znidarsic in

YUGOSLAVIA

INDONESIA has become interested in the Yugoslavian films, *Black Pearls* and *Miss Stone*, which they have added to the list of Yugoslav films which they will show, including *The Valley of Peace*, *The Big and the Little*, *The Enchanting Sword* and *Zenica*.

A very important film event recently finished in Belgrade, the Festival "Protect Men in Traffic", in which seventeen countries, including England, took part. They sent us their best achievements in the field of films about the prevention of road accidents. Many thousands of people were delighted and touched by the excellent methods demonstrated of teaching pedestrians how to cross, and where they should cross the road; and what drivers should do to avoid accidents.

My Home will represent Yugoslavia in the Sixth Festival of Shorts in Tokyo. It is directed by Branko Ranitovic. Ante Babaja's *Misunderstanding* was one of outstanding entries at the London Film Festival.

Three Steps into Emptiness, directed by Voja Nanovic, has been sold successfully to Austria, Western Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Poland.

Vardar Films, Skopje, has begun the shooting of a documentary *The New Land* (*Nova zemlja*), directed by Trajce Popov, on the works on soil-improvement in the Pelagonija Vley. *In Memoriam* is the title of the new Vardar Film short about different kinds of explosives and other arms, left in the villages after the War. They are found by the children who, oblivious to their danger, play with these death-dealing toys. The film is directed by Koco Nedkov.

Dunav Film, Belgrade, is at work on a documentary film in Eastmancolour *Hunting and Fishing in Yugoslavia* (*Lov i ribolov u Jugoslaviji*). The film is directed by the prize-winning director Marijan Vajda, who won an award at the Brussels Fair 1958.

Zora Film, Zagreb, specializes in shooting short films, both 16mm. and 35mm. Its activities fall into three main groups: the educational group produces educational and scientific films, the information group is restricted to cultural and information films on everyday social problems, and the third group concerns itself with children, puppets, cartoons and satirical films. The Zora Film unit is composed of young people, who were raised by the studio and who supply it with a number of good pictures. In 1969 Zora Film produced a total of 41 films.

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the producer or director is trying to do. Part of the responsibility carried by a critic should be an awareness of the impact his words are going to have on the creative effort behind a film. Sympathetic and understanding criticism can make a positive contribution to creative film-making.

Otherwise the experience has left undimmed my enthusiasm for the cinema. I admit that this enthusiasm would be somewhat less if I were making films about any other part of the British Isles, or beyond for that matter; that belief in my native country and a willingness to serve it form part of the compulsion. I find each new subject a challenge in communication. In meeting it there is no medium as fascinating in its capacity to entertain, stimulate and persuade as the film. This is what having been a film critic means to me to-day.

FILMS AND FILMING

Film Correspondents

Abbreviations: f.c.—film correspondents; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; s.i.—special interests; o.i.—other interests; l.s.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.

If you would like to correspond with a film-lover abroad or in England (even in your own town) send in your name and address and brief details, which will be printed in this feature free of charge. This offer is open to regular readers in all parts of the world. Use the abbreviations listed above, and send your entry to FILMS AND FILMING, 21 Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1., marking the envelope FILM CORRESPONDENTS.

JACKIE KLEINHENTZ, 32 Rissik Street, Sunnyside, Pretoria, South Africa, wants f.c., m. or f., anywhere; m.a. 22; s.i. films and stars; p.r., all answered.

BRJU MOHAU, 40/6 Shakti Nagar, Delhi, 6, India, wants f.c., m. or f.; m.a. 24; s.i. films, music, travel; o.i. reading, writing; p.r.

LACHU BHAGWANDAS, 20 Sellamuttu Avenue, Colombo 3, Ceylon, wants f.c., m. or f., anywhere; aged 15—19; s.i. correspondence, stamps and first day covers; o.i. pop songs, swimming, books; p.r.; all answered.

RAMEX SSTEIH, House of Hafez-Shteih, Abu Shakra Street, Mousaitbay, Beirut-Labanon, wants f.c.; in England 17—24; m.a. 19; s.i. cinema, music, travel, art, social events, p.r.

FREDERICK A SEARS, 35 Edmund Road, Mitcham, Surrey, wants f.c., m.; m.a. 23; s.i. record collecting, theatre, tennis, Continental films; p.r., all answered.

GERMINAL NOGUES, Casilla 3, Sucursal 12, Buenos Aires, Argentina, wants, f.c., anywhere; m.a. 23; s.i. films, theatre, ballet, travel pictures; l.s. English, Spanish, French; p.r., all answered.

ROBERT MARTIN, 9 Warwick Street, London W.1., wants f.c. in London, m.a. 50; s.i. indoor photography, Ingrid Bergman; p.r., all answered.

DON FARR, c/o M. Bakst, Apt. 4A, 307 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y., U.S.A. wants f.c., m. or f., m.a. 25; s.i. body-building; p.r.

JAMES M. FOX, 81 Evans Street, Opoho N.E.1., Dunedin, New Zealand, wants f.c., anywhere; s.i. film books, reading, gardening.

ANNE-MARIE GARTNER, 88 West Side, Clapham Common, London S.W.4., wants f.c., m. or f., age 20—30; m.a. 20; s.i. films, esp. Jean Seberg, reading, travel, dancing, walking; l.s. German, English; p.r. all answered.

SAREOJ DALLA, 5/11 Western Extension Area, New Delhi 5, m. wants f.c., m. or f., between 18—25 from anywhere especially U.K., U.S.A., W. Europe and Japan; m.a. 23; s.i. films, writing, sports, theatre and music; g.i. making friends abroad; l.s. English only; p.r.; all letters answered.

MISS DOROTHY BOKR, 1246 Home Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois, U.S.A., wants f.c. ages 35 to 40 in British Isles, s.i. movies, architecture, hiking, budgets, p.r. L.A.C. STOCKS, D. 2 IFPS, Royal Air Force, Jever, 2nd T.A.F., BFPO 25, want f.c., m. or f., 18—20, anywhere m.a. 19; s.i. motion picture production, photography, records p.r.

MAY WALKER, Cliff Farm, Kingsbury, Tamworth, Staffs., wants f.c. m. or f. in England or Australia, s.i. films, music, m.a. 19, all letters answered.

O. TERP (MR.), Ostermalmsgatan 97, Stockholm, Sweden, Wants f.c., m. aged 20—35 anywhere, s.i. sports, m. stars, travel, l.s. English p.r.

ROBERT DICK, 196 Pikeman Rd., Glasgow, W.3., wants f.c. m. or f. 20—30, m.a. 29, s.i. theatre, films, books, p.r. all answered.

5064522 S.A.C. LESLIE MACDONALD, Meteorological Office, R.A.F. Tobruk, B.F.P.O. 56, wants f.c. anywhere, m.a. 20, s.i. films, o.i. music, theatre.

DAVID C. WEST, 56 Margaret Road, Headington, Oxford, wants F. C. m. aged 17—22, anywhere, especially Oxon, Berks. s.i. films, music, physique photography; o.i. motoring. All answered, p.r. m.a. 19.

GEORGES-PAN COSMATO, 12 Harrington Court, London S.W.7., wants f.c., m. and f., in U.S.A. and Europe, m.a. 22; p.r., l.s. French, English, and Greek, s.i. Reviews on films and news on them, o.i. theatre, film direction, travel, books, music (all kinds except modern jazz), philately, photography.

DALE M. TURNER, Post Office Box One, Laguna Beach, California, wants f.c., m. 20—38, m.a. 21, s.i. Dietrich, Buchholz, Sarita Montiel, o.i. travel, photography, physique, music, p.r. exchange cultural ideas, souvenirs.

NEW RECORDS

PERHAPS some of the most ingenious soundtrack music has been that used by Walt Disney in his cartoons. In his earlier films in particular he had the knack of finding composers who could write popular tunes that at the same time became an essential part of the animated creation. Now, thanks to Top Rank, we can have some of the best of Disney on disc . . . a set of half a dozen EPs. The films whose tracks provide the selections are *Snow White* (JKP2029), *Cinderella* (JKP2030), *Dumbo* (JKP2031), *Bambi* (JKP2032), *Pinocchio* (JKP2033) and *Peter Pan* (JKP2034). The price is 12s. 3½d. each.

There is not quite so much on these little 45s as there was on the sets of three 10-inch 78s issues some years ago by H.M.V., but the recorded quality is better. This set is a 'must' for anyone who has been charmed by Disney at his best and if you want only a selection, I would go first for *Dumbo*, then *Snow White*, both of which are representative of the Disney charm and wit.

A record not to have is the soundtrack disc from *The Horse Soldiers*. (London HAT2197 35s. 9½d.). This isn't good enough at the price. Barely half an hour on a 12-inch disc . . . and three items repeated in slightly different orchestration! If this kind of disc is going to be made, why can't we have complete track sequences including appropriate dialogue and effects? At least it would be a fair sample of John Ford's film.

Good value is the Pye Golden Guinea (GGL0025) on which the 101 Strings play excerpts from some of the more popular film scores. My one regret is that perhaps they are too popular and, in any case, they are all rather far removed from the original scoring . . . which doesn't much affect *Love is a Many Splendoured Thing* and *Three Coins in a Fountain*. But *Spellbound* "concerto" is a bit cloying. ROD HUME

NEW BOOKS

International Review

THE new edition of the *International Film Annual* (Editor, William Whitebait. John Calder 165 pages. Black and white and full colour illustrations. 25s.) repeats the formula of previous years. There are many scrappy articles; but two first class contributions come from Cynthia Grenier on the French *la nouvelle vague* and from John Gillett on Swedish cinema. And Paul Rotha has something new to say in his discourse on the use (and misuse!) of the camera lens. The volume's 1958-9 index should be its most valuable feature, but there are several unhappy errors (such as Sam Zimbalist as the star of *Ben-Hur*, listing Fellini's *Sweet Life* which will not be out until Spring 1960, listing De Sica's *Il Tetto* shown at Cannes in 1956 and still not commercially seen in Britain, or the transposition of the titles *Apur Sansar* and *Ansikter*). With the qualification that the index for an annual is far from adequate, this new issue contains much to delight the keen cinemagoer . . . particularly if he has a penchant for Free Cinema. MARTIN GRAY

MRS. F. M. BROWN, 125 Beechen Dr., Fishponds, Bristol, wants f.c., s.i. requires film cuttings, photos, articles, etc. of Conrad Veidt. Will exchange for same of other stars.

MISS J. WALKER, 30 Emerson Road, Harbourn, Birmingham 17, wants f.c. s.i. collecting cuttings etc. of film stars

before 1940, Jean Harlow, Deanna Durbin, Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers. BILL SIMONS, 402 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, 18, New York, U.S.A., wants f.c. m., 20—40, anywhere, m.a. 26; s.i. films, theatre, travel, writing, art; o.i. body building, physical culture. P.R.

BRITAIN—from page 26

A third in the St. Trinian's comedy is planned by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat. This time: *The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's*. They too will turn to drama with *Chain Reaction*, the story of the events which follow the discovery that tinned foods in the shops contain radio-active material.

Britannia, the distributing company headed by Steven Pallos which works through British Lion, has two subjects to make—*Rommel Calls Cairo*, a true story of the last war, and *The Hands of Orlac*, a chiller telling of a pianist who feels his personality changing . . . following an operation on his hands.

When Bryanston—the British Lion backed distribution organisation composed of sixteen producers—was formed last April chairman Michael Balcon promised six pictures within its first working year. The figure looks like being exceeded.

Lewis Gilbert's *Touch it Light*, the fourth in the programme, is now completing post-studio work at Twickenham. It is based on Robert Sharrow's stage comedy dealing with the experiences of a Cockney searchlight crew during the blitz and stars Tommy Steele, Ian Carmichael and Benny Hill.

The fifth from Bryanston is now on location in Spain—George Brown's big budget co-production with Paramount, *He Stole a Million*. Charles Crichton directs this original story by Spanish author Antonio de Leon and will use concealed cameras to capture journalistic coverage of the locations.

Harry Saltzman has a further two subjects prepared for the new organisation. One is Alan Siliot's novel *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* to be directed by Karel Reisz, and

City of Spades, story of a Nigerian studying in London, which will feature Sidney Poitier and be directed by Tony Richardson.

Walt Disney will continue its policy of screening the more wholesome classics and has three to make this year—Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, Jules Verne's *The Castaways* and Eleanor Atkinson's dog story *Greyfriars Bobby*.

Michael Balcon's first production for Associated British, *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, will now start on March 28. Shooting date has been put back to enable Laurence Harvey to go to Hollywood for a co-starring role with Elizabeth Taylor in M.G.M.'s *Butterfield 8*.

The Long and the Short and the Tall has been adapted for the screen by its author, Willis Hall, and Wolf Mankowitz. Harvey will play Private Bamforth, who is trapped in the Malayan jungle of World War II along with Sergeant Richard Todd and Corporal Richard Harris.

Balcon's second in his four-picture deal with Associated British is likely to be *The Moabite*, the Biblical story of Ruth to be shot on location.

Associated's current production is a comedy, tentatively titled *Hello My Darlings*, starring Charlie Drake and now being directed by John Paddy Carstairs.

George Minter, whose *The Rough and the Smooth* did surprisingly well at the box-office, has a choice of four properties for production this year.

They are Gillian Freeman's novel *The Liberty Man*, *It's Cheap at the Price*, a comedy of the advertising world based on Edward Hyam's satire *Sextol*, *The Fifth Season of Love*, a drama set in the East, and *Operation Bernhard*, a World War II thriller with a background of espionage and counterfeit currency.

Big international feature from Independent Artists, the company whose Beaconsfield Studios are committed to multi-picture deals with Anglo Amalgamated and Rank, will be *Frontiers of Fear*. Howard Clewes is now scripting in Tunisia where the production will be made.

The Woolf Brothers are actively engaged on preparing a Cinerama subject—*The Lion*. It's an African location subject and is based on Joseph Kessel's novel of the same name.

After completing *Touch it Light* Lewis Gilbert will go on to make Rupert Croft's *Spare the Rod* with Max Bygraves in a strictly non-comedy role. Story is set in a council school; Bygraves plays a teacher.

Comedy master Mario Zampi plans to make Hans Wilhelm's *The Survivor* with Terry-Thomas.

Act of Mercy, Francis Clifford's novel to be published in the spring, has been bought for filming by Thomas Clyde.

Due to go before the cameras in Spain during the spring is *Bengal Lancers* which will be made by Triad Films, the highly experienced partnership of John Gilling, Monty Berman and Bob Baker. Gilling is now writing the script.

Prolific Val Guest has the screen rights of Ronald Scott Thorne's *Full Treatment* and intends to make it as a personal production in March. It's a psychological thriller with foreign locations.

Director Wolf Rilla and producer Vivian Cox, who made *Bachelor of Hearts*, plan to make *A Man's World* as a personal production. Subject has a wintry south of France setting and tells of life seen through the eyes of a cabin boy on a luxury yacht. Rilla would also like to make a screen version of Alun Owen's recent television play *No Trams to Lime Street*.

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